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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1596 AUG. 23, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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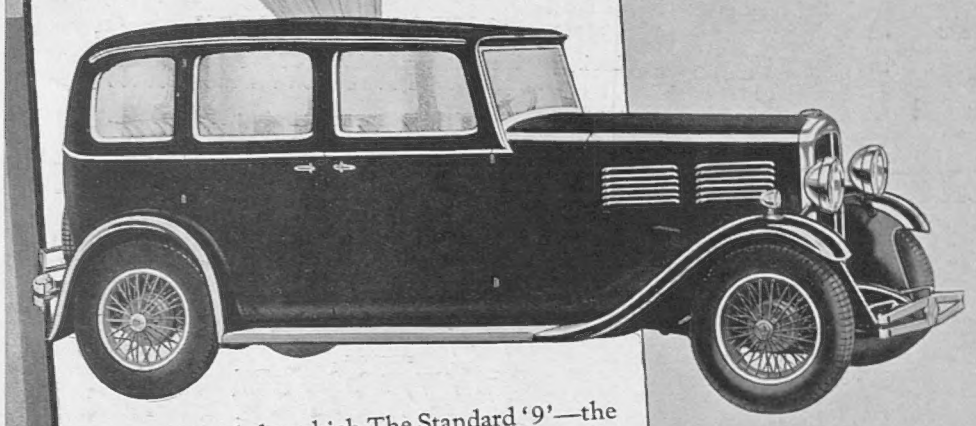
The All-British

Standard PROGRAMME *for* 1931

The 'BIG NINE'



This is the title by which The Standard '9'—the most popular car of its class—will be known in 1931. Every model in The 'BIG NINE' range provides more comfort at less cost per mile per person than any other car. Many improvements have been added for the 1931 season, of which the following are outstanding:—
New type radiator and bonnet. 3" wider Track and Seating Accommodation. Improved Steering. Finger Tip Controls. Battery and Coil Ignition. Improved appearance and finish. 4-speed silent third Gear Box on "Special" Models.

Models and Prices for 1931.

"BIG NINE" "POPULAR" SALOON 3-speed £195

"BIG NINE" "TOURER" 3-speed - - - £195

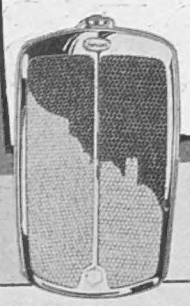
"BIG NINE" FABRIC SALOON 3-speed - £215
Extra equipment includes "Stanlite" Sliding Roof Luggage Grid, Coloured Wire Wheels, Rear Blind, Roof Light, Front and Rear Shock Absorbers, Safety Glass Screen, Dipping Headlights. Exterior fittings, including lamps of Stainless Steel or Chromium plated.

"BIG NINE" COACHBUILT SALOON 3-speed - - - - - - - - - - £225
Extra Equipment as above.

"BIG NINE" "SPECIAL" FABRIC SALOON £245
4-speed silent third Gear Box.
Extra equipment includes Leather Upholstery, Safety Glass throughout. Bumper bars front and rear. Coloured Wire Wheels.

"BIG NINE" "SPECIAL" COACH-BUILT SALOON - - - - - - - - - - £255
4-speed silent third Gear Box.
Extra Equipment as above.

Illustrated Folders with fuller specifications will be sent post free on request to the makers or to any "Standard" Agent.



THE NEW RADIATOR as fitted to all 1931 "Standard" Models

NEW MODELS and IMPROVED EQUIPMENT offer BETTER VALUE THAN EVER

The 'ENSIGN' SIX

Swift, smooth, silent, powerful—sums up the latest addition to the All-British Standard range. A car specially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire the extra power, instant acceleration and smooth running of a 6-cylinder engine, combined with a body that provides luxurious accommodation, economical running at a reasonable purchase price. By reason of its high power weight ratio The Standard "Ensign" Six is a car which can always be run well within its limits of power output, which naturally spells long life.

Models and Prices for 1931

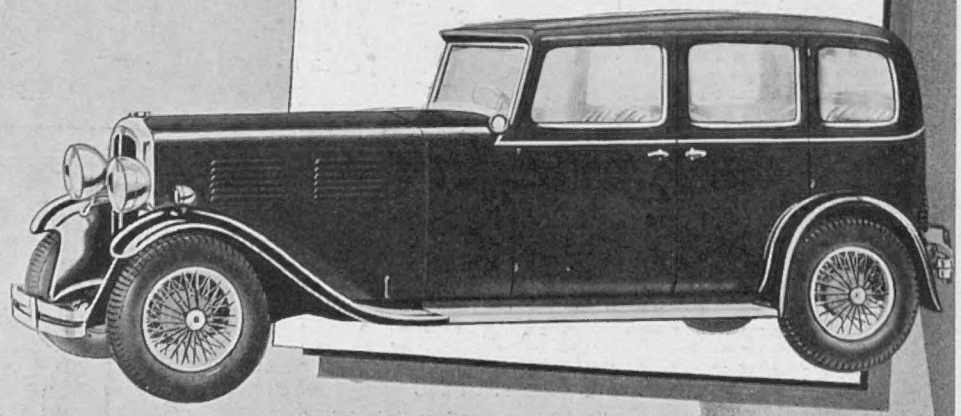
"ENSIGN" SIX FABRIC SALOON, 3-speed - £245
Covered best quality Black or Blue Fabric with Stainless Steel beadings, 4 Wide Doors with locking device and wind-up windows. Safety Glass Screen. Adjustable Front Seats. Rear Window Blind. Coloured Wire Wheels. Upholstered best quality leather cloth—suitable colours.

"ENSIGN" SIX "SPECIAL" FABRIC SALOON - - - - - - - - - - - - £275
4-speed silent third Gear Box.
Extra equipment includes best quality furniture hide upholstery. Safety Glass throughout. Dipping Headlights. Exterior fittings of Stainless Steel or Chromium plated. Bumper bars front and rear. Electric Petrol gauge and Screen Wiper. Luggage Grid. Companion Sets.

"ENSIGN" SIX "SPECIAL" COACH-BUILT SALOON - - - - - - - - - - £285
4-speed silent third Gear Box.
Extra equipment as above.

All Models fitted with "Stanlite" Sliding Roof.

Illustrated Folders with fuller specifications will be sent post free on request to the makers or to any "Standard" Agent.



THE 'ENVOY' TWENTY. The general design of this well-known Standard model will remain as before, but for 1931 a new and improved engine of 20 h.p. is fitted. Other improvements include new radiator and bonnet, with Thermostatically controlled shutters; Marles steering in place of worm and nut; and 4-speed silent third gear box. The body is a genuine half-panelled Weymann, with concealed sliding roof. Interior finish and equipment greatly improved, and centre and side arm-rests fitted to rear seats. Price - £385

Dunlop Tyres as Standard

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, CANLEY WORKS, COVENTRY

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXII. No. 1596 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, August 23, 1930

THE ARENA

where is Fought the Battle of

THE ASHES

Interval at the Oval

The fifth Test Match, held at Kennington Oval — the first in which R. E. S. Wyatt figured either as player or captain — was notable especially for the huge crowd it attracted. This was no matter for surprise, because on its result hinged, for two years at least, the fate of those fabled "Ashes" for which battle is so ruthlessly waged. Queues in which many women stood, attesting the change in taste of Miss 1930 from that of Miss Yesteryear, waited all night every night from dusk till dawn and on until the gates opened at 9 a.m. Cards, travelling rugs, sandwiches, flasks, books, and cushions formed the impedimenta carried by enthusiasts who surged on to the ground during every interval in the manner shown above.

WATCHERS OF THE NIGHT: The nocturnal queue for the Final Test

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 20, 1930.

The Lambeth Conference.—Every man's first impression of the resolutions of the late Lambeth Conference must be that the Church has made a wise and timely effort to free herself from the charge of remaining hide-bound and quite out of touch with modern conditions. The heads of the Church have made a great and careful effort to prove to the youth of to-day that she has moved with the times and can sympathize with youth's difficulties and doubts, and has thrown overboard the uncompromising rigidity of a dead age when the Church's sanctions carried terror to ignorant hearts and the Church's discipline was undisputed. Sensible men will carefully study these resolutions, for they possess a wealth of interest for social historians. I will cite a few instances of our Church's change of view. In divorce, though "benefit of clergy" is not yet accorded to the innocent party on remarriage, even the guilty party is no longer to be regarded as for ever excommunicated. Birth control is accepted within strictly defined limits, where in a word the motive is purely unselfish and solely in the interests of the health and welfare of the family as a whole. There it is. Wrap it up how you will, here is the seed of trouble with Anglo-Catholics. In war the Church's attitude is to refuse countenance to any declaration or preparation where the participant concerned has not by every means first endeavoured to settle the dispute by arbitration. These points, chosen at hazard, shows that at long last the Church has realized the danger of apathy and inelasticity and has made a real effort to regain a position of live influence over the faithful.

Pour encourager . . .—The toll of the road—so largely due to the incompetence and indecision of those first responsible for enforcing road discipline—has taken no nobler spirit than Smith-Dorrien's. History will decide that he should never have been sacrificed to satisfy French's long-standing grudge against a man of far finer character. It was Smith-Dorrien who furnished French with a great part of his laurels, and Le Cateau will for all time be associated with the name of this noble *dégommé*. How bitter and beastly have been the feuds between regulars of the old school. They have been the Army's worst enemy. They continued all through the War to disillusion and disgust the great citizen army. *Pour encourager les autres*—it is a curiously British expedient, this swapping of horses and payment of splendid service. The War is over, cricket remains. I won't criticize the Selection Committee. Wyatt may give us a victory after many days. But only a month ago Chapman was hailed by all concerned as a super-archangel. So, for sanity's sake, I would rather lose the fifth Test with Chapman than win it with Wyatt. How can we explain to the world our long, long tail of English captains still on active service? Tennyson, Gilligan, Douglas, Staniforth, Carr, Chapman, Wyatt, etc. The odd thing is that we have resisted the temptation to shoot them as we shot Admiral Byng.

The Final Test.—The final Test is taking its leisurely course as I write. Since the last Test, when 3 in. of rain fell for 1,200 runs or so, some cricket history has been rather drearily made. Hobbs has completed his 54,896th run, smashing the bearded Doctor's immortal image. A long, long innings, and Hobbs might well go on another fifteen years. What a giddy prospect. Surely now the accolade will follow, and Hobbs will arise Sir Jack. Knighthoods have been bestowed for records less bright. But about these Tests. How they ruin our national game, what a farce they make of county cricket, how utterly bored with cricket-journalism we grow. Is there any drearier form of journalism than this—except of course social snippets? How sad that Chapman, yesterday's hero, should to-day be one of this sorry band of scribes.

If I were Ædile.—If I were ædile, there would be but three Test matches. They would be played at Lord's and the Oval (for the sake of the money) and at Trent Bridge. Five days would be allotted to each, and the dates would not be fixed unalterably. The selection committees would choose seventeen players for the year from whom the teams, whether visiting or at home, would be selected by a permanent captain for each match. Each county would then know which of their stars were liable to a sudden call. No one who wished to continue playing first-class cricket would be allowed to write on cricket for the newspapers. In the event of non-completion of four innings in any test match, points would be awarded for first innings lead on the County Championship principle. But I am not ædile and I believe I get bored with cricket twaddle earlier than the general public.

Lancashire Looms.—Lancashire is in the throes of one more struggle between man and the machine, a struggle which inevitably results in the defeat of man. Everybody clearly foresaw the bitter difficulty which must attend the introduction of the eight-loom system, made possible by the perfection of machinery and an obvious stage in rationalization. But the man in the street who does not know Lancashire is not alive to the intensely personal element. The Lancashire weavers—mostly women—are a proud caste. As Miss Bondfield once said, "You might as well try to persuade a portrait painter to switch over to house painting as to persuade a woman weaver to go into domestic service." The looms, indeed, are tended and handed down in families exactly like heirlooms. Daughter succeeds mother, and keeps alive the traditions and the spirit of the looms which may well have remained a family prerogative for generations. The eight-loom system inevitably implies throwing out of work a large percentage of an hereditary caste of skilled workers, possessed of a wholly admirable pride in good workmanship.

Stock Exchange Reforms.—The long-promised reforms of the Stock Exchange Committee are *Vox et præterea minimum*. It is a thousand pities that the good old rule that vendors' shares shall not be dealt in on 'Change for six months has not been reimposed. This decision would have done much to restore public confidence in the City, and in the good intentions of the committee. Nor has the committee thought fit to remove the prime cause of the Hatry Scandal. I mean the handing over of responsibility by the main underwriters—big, renowned firms—to the lesser fry to whom they sublet the opportunity for pickings. While these opportunities remain for those in the know to make money, which the public cannot enjoy, the investing public has every reason to feel that they may still be pigeons for the unscrupulous to pluck. The City has had a terrible lesson and a long period in which to let that lesson sink in, in which to repent of its loose control and lack of discipline. Apparently it prefers to sacrifice public confidence rather than to hamper business when the good times come again, if ever they do. No doubt it knows its public to be greedy trouts when the May-fly is out.

Away with Exams.—I have felt keen satisfaction at the decision of the Surveyors' Institute to abolish competitive examinations for the award of scholarships. The decision was not entirely altruistic; it has been found that the boy who took the scholarships drifted out of the profession; under the new test the boys' future intentions will be closely examined. But the decision is as sound as it is welcome. Competitive exams. are the curse of this country and in six cases out of ten bring the wrong fish into the net. Exams. are jam for the Babu type, and the Civil Service and higher professions are overrun with nimble accountants. What every profession needs is not parrot memory and a passion for facts and dates and formulæ, but character, common sense, courage, and a willingness to take responsibility. Competitive examinations are quite certain to eliminate those who possess the last-named virtues. We know the trouble which Babu-cracy invariably produces. We can see it in India, in Egypt, in Whitehall, and in the Strand.

The Genius of Haslemere.—Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his circus (I borrow the word from *The Constant Nymph*) open their festival of old chamber music at Haslemere on the 25th. It is a very personal and intimate symposium. Mr. Dolmetsch chats to the audience in the article of conducting and young Dolmetsch sons blow and thrum on instruments designed and built by their sire. Bach's Concerto in C Major done on Dolmetsch harpsichords, with a Dolmetsch running commentary, is as stimulating and instructive as any good music can be. Haslemere is rich in talent. It is a rural Hampstead. Don't imagine the Dolmetsch family exhausts its genius. There are the Chandlers. The Chandlers can do almost everything that can be claimed as art. They are dramatists, producers, lyricists, scene-painters, architects, artists. And they are in the front rank in each department named. The Chandler pantomime is in all ways superior to the London efforts. And all the rank and file of Haslemere can act and sing and play instruments and use a brush or pencil. And if you need more proof of Haslemere's genius . . . well, I am often in residence in that neighbourhood myself.

"R 100."—*R 100* has returned to her hangar after snatching a handful of records from the air and her rivals. Ere the winter storms begin, she is safely stored in her barn. The gales that smashed up our gardens last week blew her gently home to us. All the same, I cannot quite see in the next year or two the establishment of a regular bi-weekly airship service between Cardington and Montreal. I think another dozen years of hard work and bitter experience must go to the establishment on a sure foundation of that service. Nor do I see the point of rushing headlong to that goal until we have really solved some of the problems which make air travel so uncertain and anxious a business. To mention but one or two, we have still to invent a cover for the airship frame which is stronger but not less light than the present. There are such things as ice splinters in Arctic latitudes, let alone the winds and waters. And then again, the meteorological services have yet a very long way to advance towards really useful co-operation. We are holding our own meanwhile with other nations. In the interests of humanity it is up to civilization to go slow and sure.

Holiday Reading.—I loathe the sea (except when on dry land) and I loathe cold at all times. Yet my favourite form of literature is that which deals with shipwreck and storms and polar exploration. These books I cannot resist. So I have been reading *Great Sea Stories of all Nations* and Nobile's *With the Italia to the North Pole*. If you are not afraid of overweight luggage, you might do worse for holiday reading. But only a strong man can lift the sea stories, which also possess the disadvantage of all anthologies—the tales leave off just as you are getting interested. One excerpt is Shackleton's account of the voyage of the *James Caird*. It is astonishing to compare its style with Nobile's. Shackleton's unadorned, blunt prose is classic, there is no word of sentiment or exaggeration, every phrase tells. Nobile's *Italia* is very poor stuff. It is an apologia, and it possesses the whining note of all apologias. Both writers suffered incredible hardships, borne with noblest fortitude. The two accounts, placed side by side, reveal clearly the futility of superlatives and the value of a simple and direct statement of facts. Indeed, Defoe and Tacitus remain for all time our exemplars of prose style.

That Grey Hen.—The tyro on the hill is safe now. That grey hen, which looked so very like a tired grouse, is in season. That is to say, it may be shot according to law, but not I hope according to custom. No black game should be shot until well into September. It is doubtful if any should be shot at all save by a man of sound experience. A few old cocks, an old hen if she can be found, is all the thinning out necessary. Nature and man have dealt hardly with the black grouse, once common all over Scotland and known almost within living memory in Surrey and Hampshire. The great gales of 1892 gave a knock to the blackcock's staple food from which it never recovered. The caper is a known enemy to the blackcock though the breeds sometimes intermarry. And finally man, by his elaborate drainage of moorland, has laid traps for the young broods into which they fall. For the grey hen is a foolish mother. Blackgame is dying out.

THE OLD STAGER.

CAPTAIN OF ENGLAND: Mr. R. E. S. Wyatt, upon whom the eyes of the Empire were fastened. Upon his shoulders rested the task of preserving the Ashes. An heroic and record-breaking effort with Sutcliffe on Saturday happily inaugurated his captaincy. The news from the Oval Front at the beginning of the week was, however, serious

WOMEN TAKE UP THE SPORT OF KINGS: Women have entered yet another field of sport. The British Falcons and Hawks Club practice the old English sport of Falconry, and members of the club, including three women, are at present at Avebury, Wiltshire, practising the novel sport against the rooks which are spoiling the crops. They are led by the well-known naturalist, Captain C. W. R. Knight. The hawks are released from a moving car when a rook is sighted

BAD WEATHER for BIRDS!

Rooks attacked by Falcons: Grouse assailed by Guns

BRINGING HOME THE BAG: The Hon. Yoskil Pearson, the Hon. Brenda Pearson (mounted), and Lord Fitz-Harris lead the company at Lady Cowdray's shoot in the Forest of Birse, Aberdeen

HOUR BY HOUR: A special chart, divided into fifty-seven hourly sections, showing the progress of "R 100" on the homeward journey

HOMEWARD BOUND with "R 100"

The Experiences of a Passenger on the Giant British Airship

By THOMAS WAYLING

(Ottawa Correspondent of "The Sphere")

I came to England from Canada last week by airship. Over twenty years ago I went to Canada as an *emigré*, I later crossed the Atlantic on a troopship, went back on a hospital ship, returned on a Canadian liner for the Imperial Conference of 1926, and then went back on the biggest liner afloat.

Of all these crossings, the crossing on the *R 100* stands out as the quietest, swiftest, safest, and (with exceptions) most uneventful of all. The exceptions were of my own making, otherwise the trip would have been almost monotonous.

The funniest thing I have read about the *R 100* was the comment in a famous English newspaper which declared that the airship could only travel in good weather, and what a terrifying experience it would be to passengers tossed about in mid-air over mid-Atlantic in a storm.

This naïve conjecture, like most of the other belittlement of the English achievement, was obviously written by someone whose aerial navigation has been confined to flights of fancy by his own fireside. The *R 100* ran into a 60-mile gale that must have made life miserable and nauseous for passengers on surface craft. For the passengers on board the *R 100* the storm simply did not exist. Only a glance at the indicators in the control-room and the ship's log revealed the fact of a 100-knot gait and a raging storm without.

A glass of water, placed on a table when we left Montreal, was still unspilled when we reached Cardington. The flowers in tall vases on the table remained where they were placed at the beginning of the voyage. The papers cluttered around my typewriter on a table on the balcony never even fluttered to the deck.

Fear, the bugaboo of timid souls, never put in an appearance. I certainly am not the stuff of which heroes are made, but I would return to Canada by airship if it were possible. I sought to book passage to India on *R 101*. If wishes were airships, I would never travel again on a surface craft.

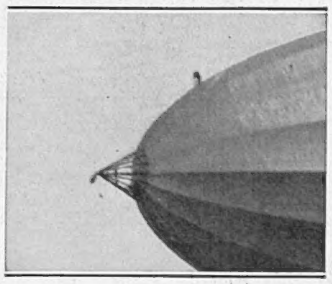
We left Montreal on the Wednesday evening, There was none of the bustle and excitement attendant on a liner's departure. The airship simply slipped away from her mooring and the voyage was on. I was supping on the balcony with Sir Dennistoun Burney, and only the cheers of the crowd below indicated we were off.

Darkness had fallen, and as we rose to 1,500 ft. Montreal lay below, lovely as a jeweller's window in fairyland. Necklets and clusters of silver light, the coloured flashing signs on St. Catherine's Street, all decked the metropolis with bewildering beauty.

My last recollection of Montreal drops from the sublime to the ridiculous, the remembrance of two huge red signs, one advertising bread and the other beer.

The ship rose imperceptibly and on an even keel. The slanting zoom of an aeroplane is unknown on an airship. The Atlantic was crossed at 1,300 to 1,500 ft. with a rise to 4,000 ft. at the English coast. At no time, however, was the ship off an even keel. As for rolling, the *R 100* never forgot she was a lady; she never rolled. Of course she WAS a lady, not yet being a "mail" ship.

Down the St. Lawrence she sailed. As we passed the mouth of the Richelieu River a fellow-passenger, Jacques Cartier, standing beside me at the rail, pointed downwards and said: "My ancestor reached the Richelieu several hundred years ago." Mr. Cartier is a direct descendant of the famous French explorer who sailed up the St. Lawrence in the seventeenth century. His namesake is a modern young Montrealer who flew back over the river on which his ancestor pioneered a sail. Another coincidence lies in the arrival of the *R 100* over Bristol Channel, and it was from Bristol that Cabot sailed on his voyages of discovery to Canada.



SHOOTING THE SUN: A daily incident which provides the unaccustomed passenger with thrills and qualms. It is, of course, impossible to take a sextant-reading save from the airship's summit

The ancient capital of Quebec was a mountain of night gems. The lights of lower town rose in festoons to the gleams on the ramparts. The Plains of Abraham were as black as on the night that Wolfe's men scaled them, save where the searchlight of a Canada Steamships river liner flashed on the rise beside the little old church.

Then came the darkness of the lower river. There was only the faint purr of the distant engines of the airship and the sound of the wind rippling over the fabric like wavelets. The air was fresh but not cold. And so to bed.

The passenger quarters on *R 100* have white linen walls and ceilings. Life centres in the big living-room, one end of which is the kitchen and two sides the curtained cabins. On the balcony above are more cabins, and behind the kitchen is the crew's living-room with cabins opening off it.

I found my bag in Cabin 16. Thirty pounds was the baggage limit, but having weighed mine before the official weighing and noting 33 lb., I filled my pockets with 3 lb. of shaving equipment, etc., and so passed the muster. All passengers and baggage are weighed before going aboard. As I only weighed 134 lb. my bulging pockets appeared justified.

OVER THE TOP: Messrs. N. S. Norway of the Airship Guarantee Co., and F. Gaze of the ship's engineers, get a blow of fresh air through a trap-door in the top of the envelope. On the trap is a drift-bearing plate for taking observations

The *R 100* cabins have two berths, one above the other, with a laced canvas on which a sleeping bag is placed. Creeping in between the cool white sheets inside the bag, snuggling down into the white pillow, one drops off to sleep immediately, soothed by the purr of the motors and the rippling of the wind.

Bright sunshine flooded the passenger quarters the next morning. We were passing Anticosti. A common wash-room was the scene of shaving endeavours, but one hunts in vain for a hook for a razor-strop or towel. The *R 100* should have a label, "Use no hooks," for there are none on the ship.

Breakfast is a pleasant meal. There is none of the oily "foody" atmosphere associated with dining-saloons on even the most palatial surface craft. The kitchen is in full sight, and yet there is no odour. The canvas walls and special systems of ventilation keep everything sweet and clean.

Lunch brings more gustatory enjoyment. Two things one does well on an airship—eat and sleep. The jellied chicken for lunch was excellent, while the beefsteak for dinner was something my grandchildren shall hear about when trans-atlantic travel by airship is a commonplace left out of old men's tales.

In the matter of scenery the airship offers double value. There is no sea-sickness to mar the enjoyment, and when the sea is a blank waste of water the skies have a cloud vista to offer. When passengers on shipboard sight a porpoise or two there is a rush for the brief glimpses. From 1,500 ft. up the gambolling porpoise looks like a playful golliwog and the wheeling gulls like tiny white moths. One sees them soon and long from that height.

In after years when geography lesson comes round in school the youngsters should be taken in an airship to see the actual relief map. Passing Newfoundland and coming up Bristol Channel the impression conveyed was that they looked very much like the geography books with all the lakes, and rivers to scale, and the villages and roads in detail.

When Friday morning brought fog everything was grey around the ship, but there was no disturbing foghorn to keep one in nervous apprehension during day or night. Later the fog thinned, and finally the airship sailed over a vast sea of fleecy white clouds. The sea was somewhere out of sight beneath, save when a rift in the cloud-banks showed the white-caps below. The sun was brilliant for us. It was missing for the ships below.

By this time the passengers had become so accustomed to life in the air they began to get somewhat bored, and played cards and read. Being of a mechanical turn of mind I was too busy investigating the unknown country beyond the passenger quarters. Wing-Commander Colmore told me how airships came into being and what they were destined to become. Major Scott showed me this and explained that, and brought a conception of what the commanders of the airships of the future will be like—quiet, efficient, knowledgable men, with a courtesy and friendliness that seems to be fitting in that finer world above the world.

Captain Booth told me what went into the log and how it came about. Squadron-Leader Johnston gave me my first real thrill. "I'm going to shoot the sun," he said one day at noon. "Like to come?"

I followed him from the control-room and down the long passage to the forward end of the ship. To my dismay, he suddenly took to a hanging ladder which seemed so slender as to be part of some big spider's web. Nervously I pawed my way up after him. About 40 ft. up I looked down. Below was the outer fabric of the ship. One slip and I was like to hold rapid converse with the air sprites, and wind-up as the guest of Davy Jones 2,000 ft. below.

I went on and up, and finally came to a little platform where the chief officer was busy with his sextant. There was an opening in the roof of the airship, and he was sighting the sun. The panorama of sea and sky was magnificent. The future liners will probably have for passengers a little platform like this with an enclosed staircase by which to reach it.

Soon after the voyage started volunteers were called to man the pumps. The petrol storage tanks are in the ship's keel, and spirit has to be pumped to the feed tanks above the engine cars. The passengers did the pumping, standing on a narrow catwalk leading to the stern of the ship. One passenger was too vigorous and the pump-handle snapped off.

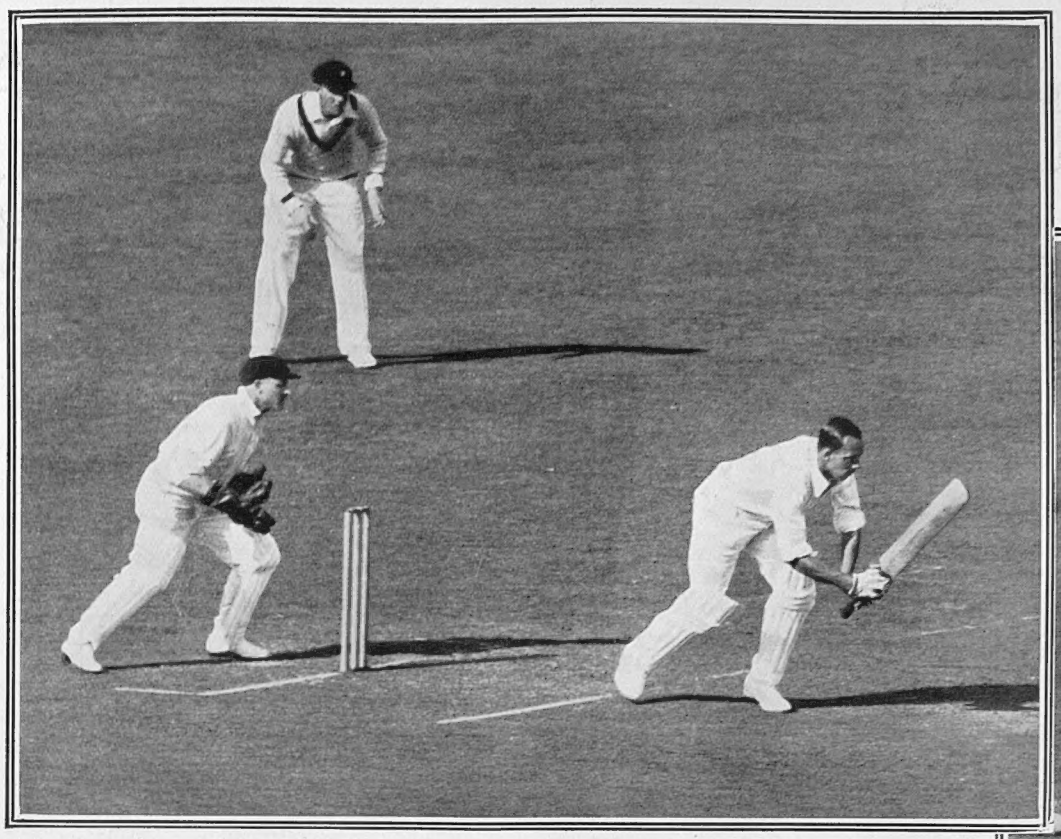
The ship was then flying over Bedford and a Canadian passenger remarked, "Oh well, if he had overbalanced and gone through the fabric some policeman in Bedford would pick him to-morrow morning and say, 'Hey, young fellow-me-lad, where'd you get that pump-handle?'"

That night Chief Engineer Angus took me down the catwalk to the tail of the ship, and stooping,

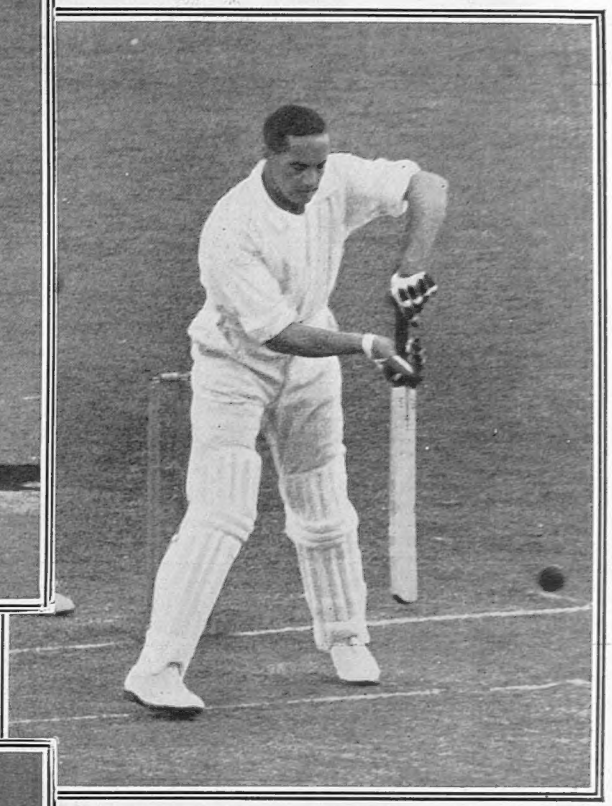
(Continued on page 364)

WAR at the OVAL

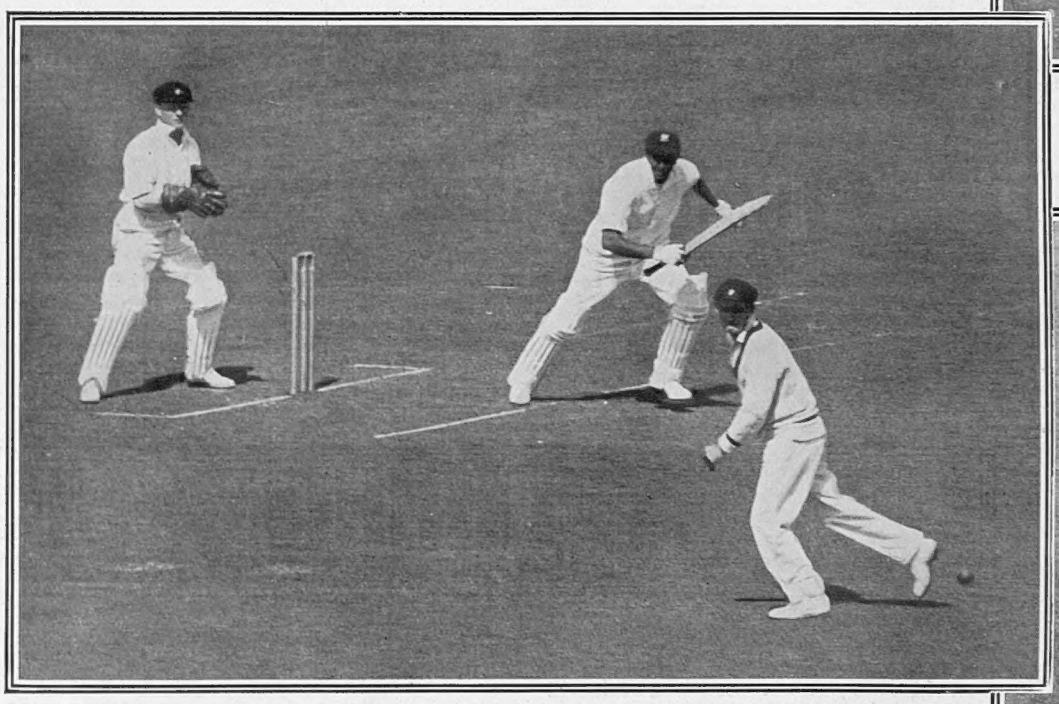
Vital Vignettes of the Test Match Selected from the First Three Days



THE CAPTAIN DEFENDS: R. E. S. Wyatt, the eleventh-hour choice for the leadership of England, figured in a record-breaking stand with Sutcliffe in the first innings. The cricket was interesting but not exhilarating—especially against Grimmett

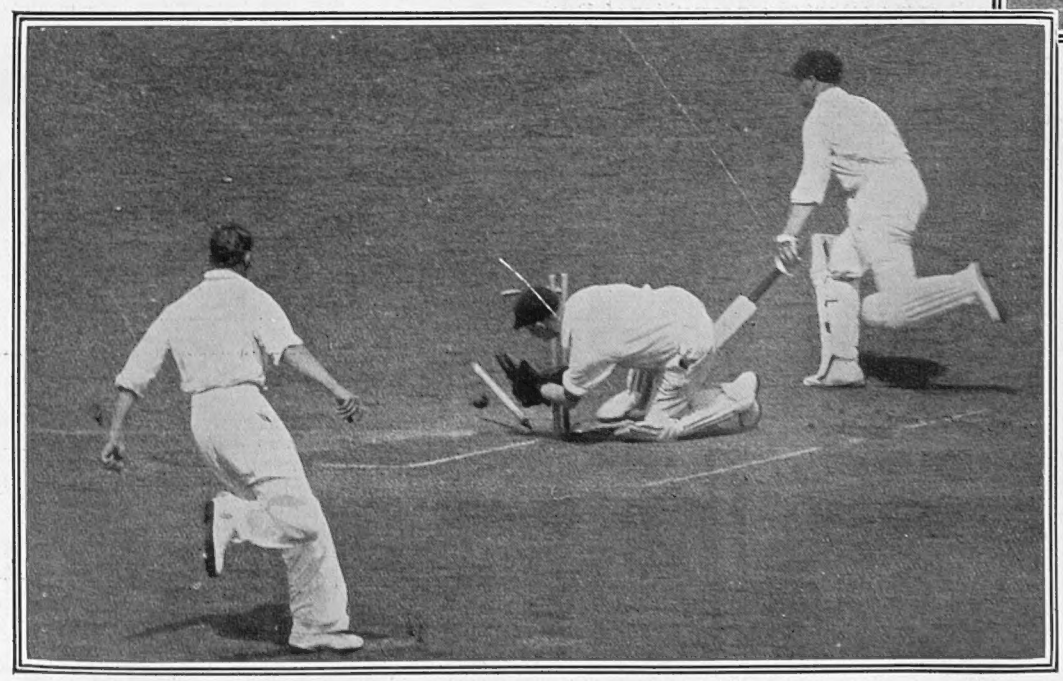


STONE WALL: Sutcliffe, whose innings of 161 was of immeasurable value to England, did not thrill. Back play was a feature of his sterling and patient display



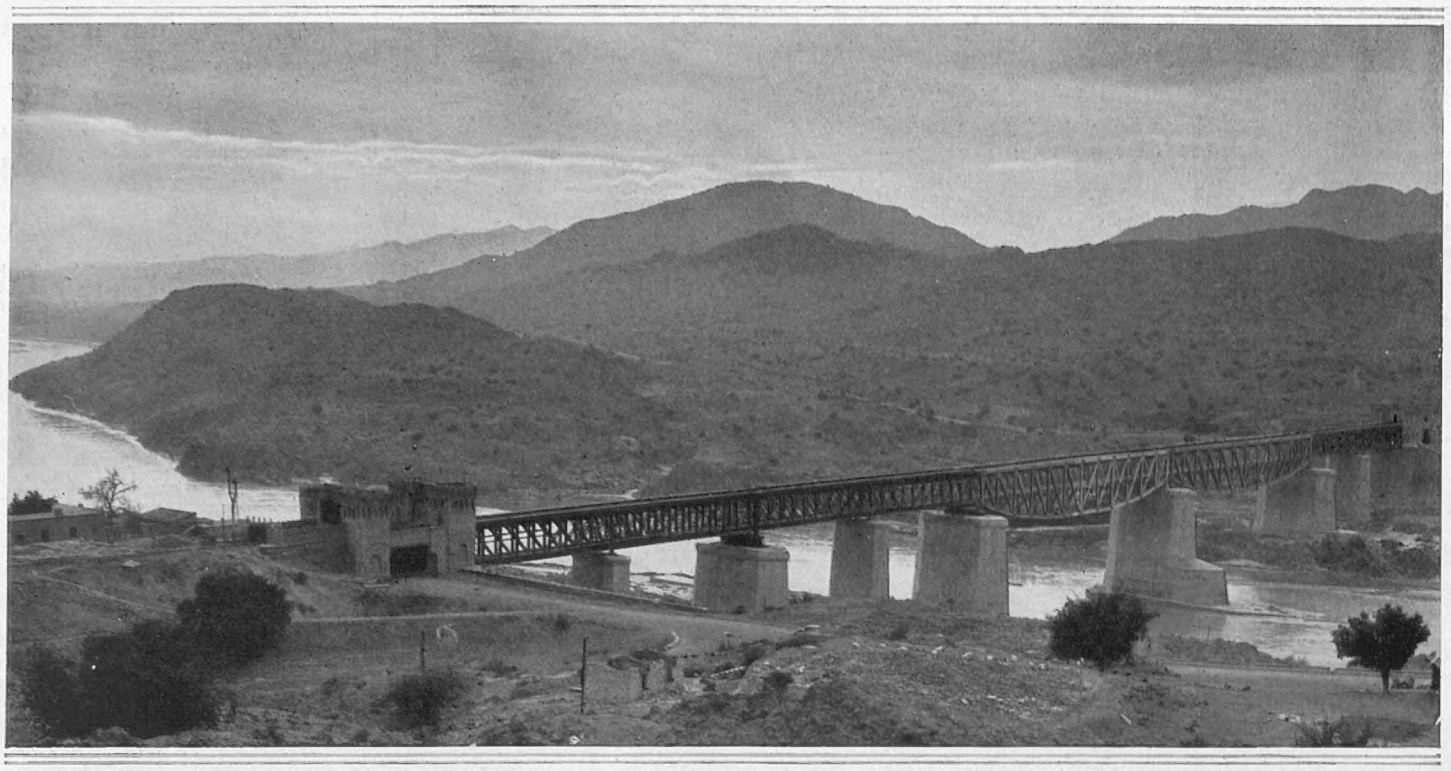
IMPUDENT FIREWORKS: K. S. Duleepsinhji puts one past McCabe in his sparkling half-century on the first day. Ranji's nephew was always the master of the bowling until he stepped out—fatally—to the first full-blooded drive of the match

THE "BOY" MARVEL: Bradman, who on Tuesday and Wednesday was hitting furiously, smacks one from Peebles—who has taken the first three wickets —to leg



VAIN BUT GALLANT HOPES: Duckworth, whose lapses from greatness cost England dear, endeavours to run Ponsford out. The so-called "chances" he missed would not have been called chances with another stumper

A RECORD STAND: The scoreboard during the great stand between Sutcliffe and Wyatt in England's first knock, which saved a precarious situation



SPANNING THE INDUS: The Attock Bridge, guarded by steel gates and armed men

On the Indian Frontier: **Lonely Fort Attock**

Garrison Life Revealed in all its Soul-shattering Monotony and Strain

By LIEUTENANT HARRY COX

(Indian Army Reserve of Officers)

Although extending for something like 3,000 miles, fortunately for the King-Emperor and his Government India has but few doorways on her Northern Frontier. Nature herself has barricaded most of this extensive line by piling up in tier upon tier greater masses of rock than can be found anywhere else in the world—hundreds of miles broad at the base, the ridge towering into cloudland, with here and there peaks so high that even the tribes of fearless, hardy hill-men, who live about the feet of these giants, have never looked into their faces or climbed shoulder-high.

There are, however, a few gaps or doorways into the continent we know as India, and across these gaps are fortresses and garrisons of picked men, the latter always on the alert and carefully watching their unruly and wild neighbours. Keeping the Union Jack flying and upholding the prestige of Britain in such circumstances is no sinecure. The lonely Fort Attock, on the eastern bank of the great River Indus, is not actually on the Frontier, it is really in the Punjab, but a more isolated position or wilder country would be difficult to find, and on the opposite side of the river you have the North-West Frontier Province.

As one stands on the ramparts looking across the rocky gorge through which the Indus rushes at this point, just after it has received the torrents of the Kabul River, you have before you some of the finest scenery in the world—not fertile, undulating pasture land, not great forests of timber or tropical jungle, but at your feet a ravine half-a-mile wide with a rushing torrent of water in its channel, great bare rocks shelving away mile after mile in rugged grandeur right up into the clouds, with the Hindu Kush miles away in the background; this is what one sees when looking northwards.

On one's left in the distance is Afghanistan, and on the right far away lies Kashmir, but the country immediately around the fort is that of the North-West Frontier Province, except southward, and here is the land of the five rivers—the Punjab.

Three miles below Fort Attock is one of the finest steel bridges in India; it was built in 1883, and carries both rail and road over the Indus; this bridge is about fifty miles from the mouth of the Khyber Pass and the great military station of Peshawar. The North Western Railway utilizes the high-level or roof of the bridge, while pedestrian and ordinary vehicular traffic go by subway.

The fort commands the bridge and the troops provide the necessary guards for the blockhouses which are situate at both ends of it. It is therefore easily understood how important, from a strategic point of view, the fort and bridge at Attock really are. Peshawar is at the outer door of the vestibule, the North-West Frontier Province comes between, and Attock is at the inner doorway, which opens into India from Afghanistan and Central Asia; between Peshawar and Attock is another important military station, that of Nowshera, and there are others such as Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ismail Khan, which places are all in the North-West Frontier Province.

Attock, however, differs from these other military stations in that there is no European population except just the garrison, which when I was there consisted of three officers and 150 other ranks.

In the North-West Frontier Province are the Waziris, the Mahsuds, and the Afridis, tribes very well known but not notorious for their love of peace. Whenever an opportunity occurs they begin clamouring at the doors, and although not sufficiently strong to break through, they can and do very much harass the doorkeepers. At the moment of writing these notes punishment is being dealt out to one of the tribes because of their violation of an undertaking to behave themselves and be good neighbours.

Even as long ago as 1581, the date the fort was built, things were not comfortable from a political or military point of view in this district, and the Emperor Akbar built the fort to protect his empire from invasion by unruly neighbours in the north.

India will have to progress a long, long way yet before she can afford to abandon the security which that flag stands for, and her best friends must see to it that she is saved from the chaos and carnage which would certainly follow the lowering of that flag. There are, of course, plenty of substitutes, a hundred of them at least, but whichever one was chosen it would immediately be torn down and spilling of blood would ensue, and, to change the metaphor, India would be ablaze from one end to the other.

I have, however, set out to say something of Fort Attock and its surroundings, and a word about the routine work of its garrison. What I have said, and the accompanying photographs, leave only a few words to be added respecting the sort of life troops at this outpost of Empire have to live.

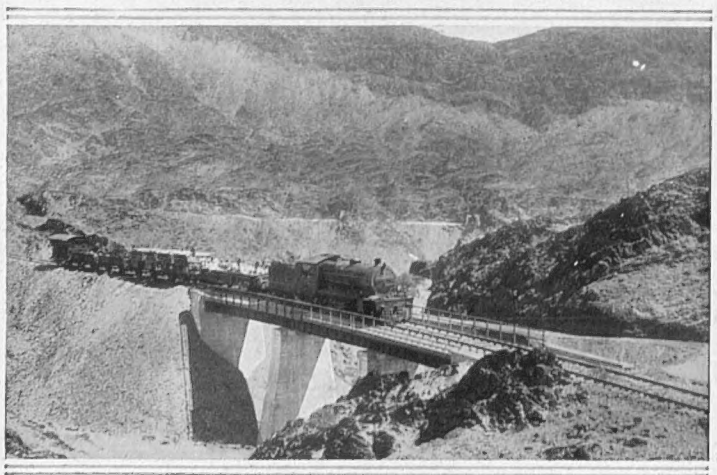
As the size of the garrison is so small, the men get only a few nights in bed before their turn for guard duty comes round again. As well as four guards having to be found for the bridge—one on each level at both ends—a quarter guard has to be mounted, and one for the officers' quarters, which latter are outside the fort. The British soldier, though, is no shirker, and he takes most things as a matter of course, and cheerfully springs to his duty even when called upon to do a six-weeks' turn at such places as Fort Attock. There is a quinine parade every morning, and each man is required to take two grains as a preventive of malaria.

It is a crime for anyone to sleep without his mosquito net being properly fixed to his bed, and a staff of native punkah wallahs come on duty at night to make it easier for him to get some sleep; it often seems easier, though, for the native to succumb than poor Tommy in the stuffy heat which is accentuated by the enveloping curtain. At sunset the great steel doors which are fixed on the road level at each end of the bridge are closed until sunrise the following day, no one being allowed to cross, while the higher road carrying the railway line is closely watched, and under no consideration is anyone allowed to pass over. There are also powerful floodlights mounted at the bridge approach on the frontier side; they are focussed on a portion of the road about a hundred yards from the blockhouses, this area being as brilliantly lighted as by day, so that the sentries are able to see anyone attempting to approach the bridge. As the Bombay Mail train, on its two-day journey from Bombay to Peshawar, pulls up at Attock Station an armed guard of about a dozen natives marches on to the platform and entrains, to protect life and property carried on this important train; the guard return on the following morning aboard the "down" Bombay Mail.

The garrison at the fort have their own bakery and slaughter-house; animals required for food one day are not killed during the hot season until late the night before, and even then all meat has to be carefully inspected to see that it is fit for consumption; frequently whole carcases have to be condemned. Some of the creepy things include centipedes and scorpions, gecos—small lizards—and also huge lizards called monitors, the latter up to 6 ft. in length. Snakes are very numerous, all venomous. One night our mess khitmagar brought in, dangling on a stick, a Russels viper which he had killed just outside the door between cookhouse and our messing quarters; this snake is particularly poisonous, and as the native was wearing no shoes he had a narrow escape.

Parades take place in the early morning, and for the rest of the day troops keep indoors because of the heat. In the evening it is possible to take a stroll with a gun, but our bag was never anything but meagre; a kind of grouse, an acceptable item for the menu, providing the best sport.

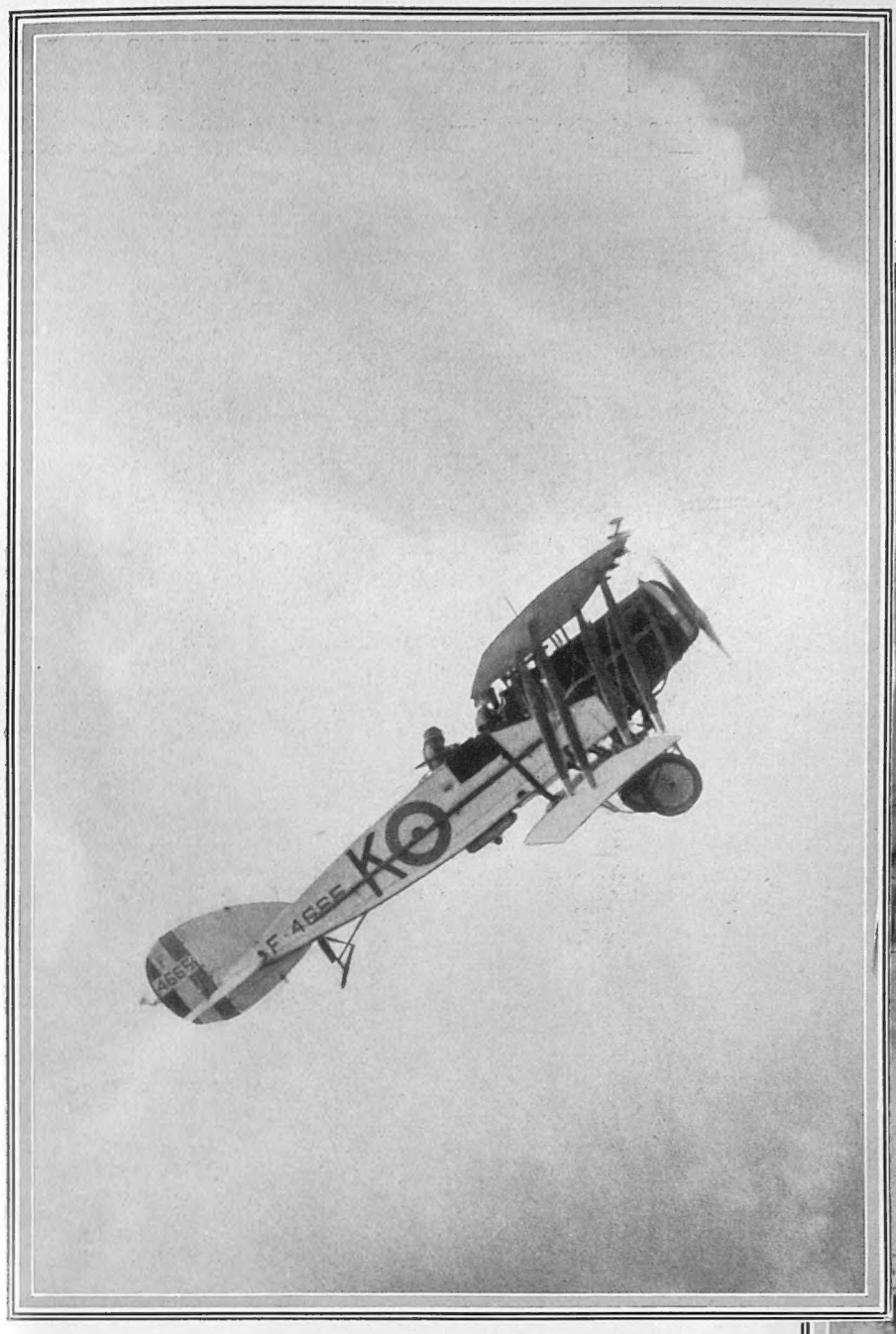
Military stations of course are not all alike; some garrisons have a much easier time, their surroundings are pleasant, most of the amenities enjoyed at home are theirs, but Fort Attock, in the far north of the Punjab, is not one of these.



ON THE KHYBER RAILWAY: A striking picture taken on a line, the construction of which ranks as a classic engineering feat in view of the "impossible" nature of the country

The BATTLE FRONT

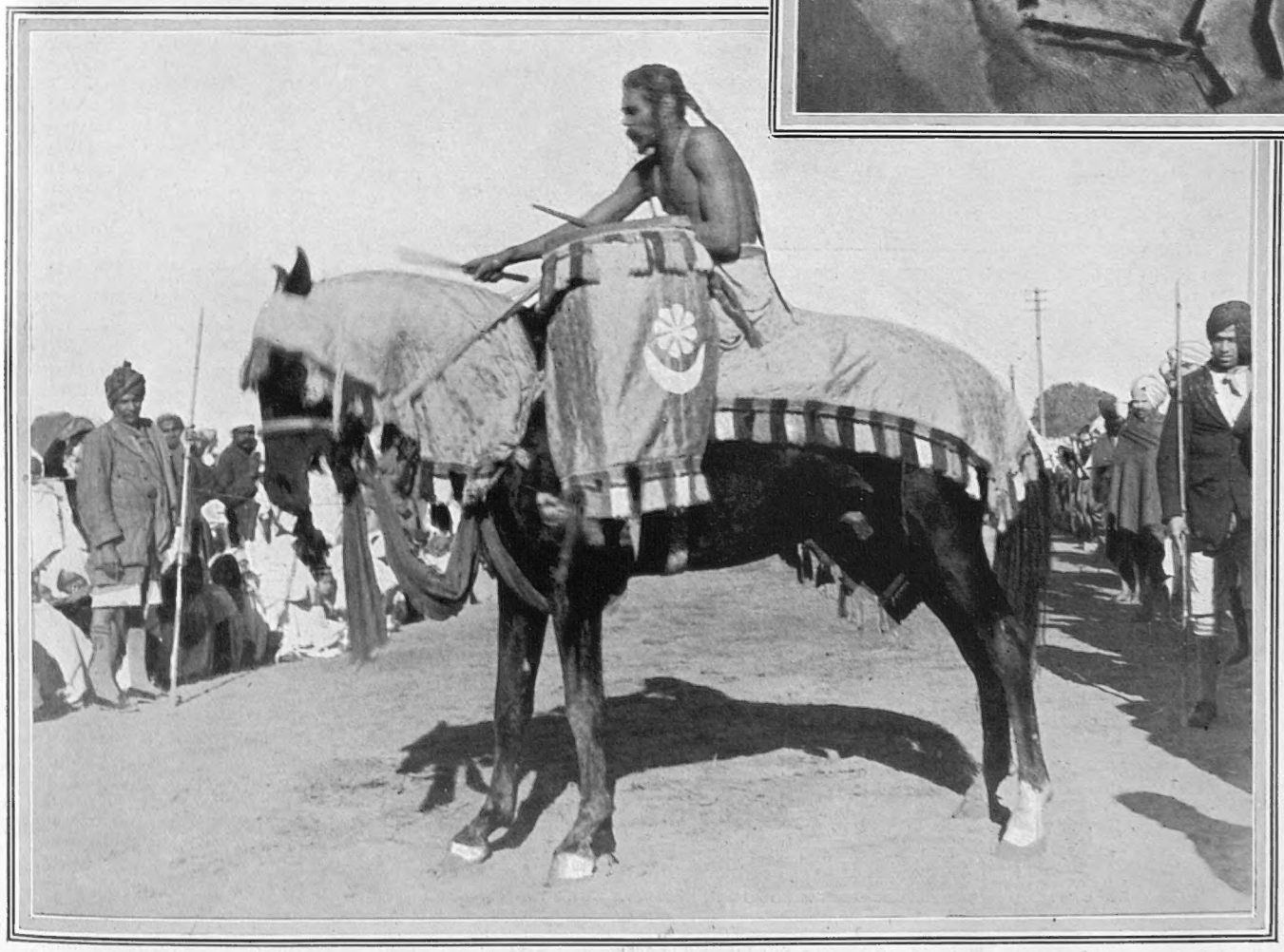
Scenes from Peshawar where the Afridis are being kept in their place by tanks and the R.A.F.



ON PATROL: *An R.A.F. Bristol fighter on the Peshawar front. This type of 'plane is still doing yeoman service but is being rapidly superseded*

BOMBING: *An aerial picture of a bomb bursting on the frontier*

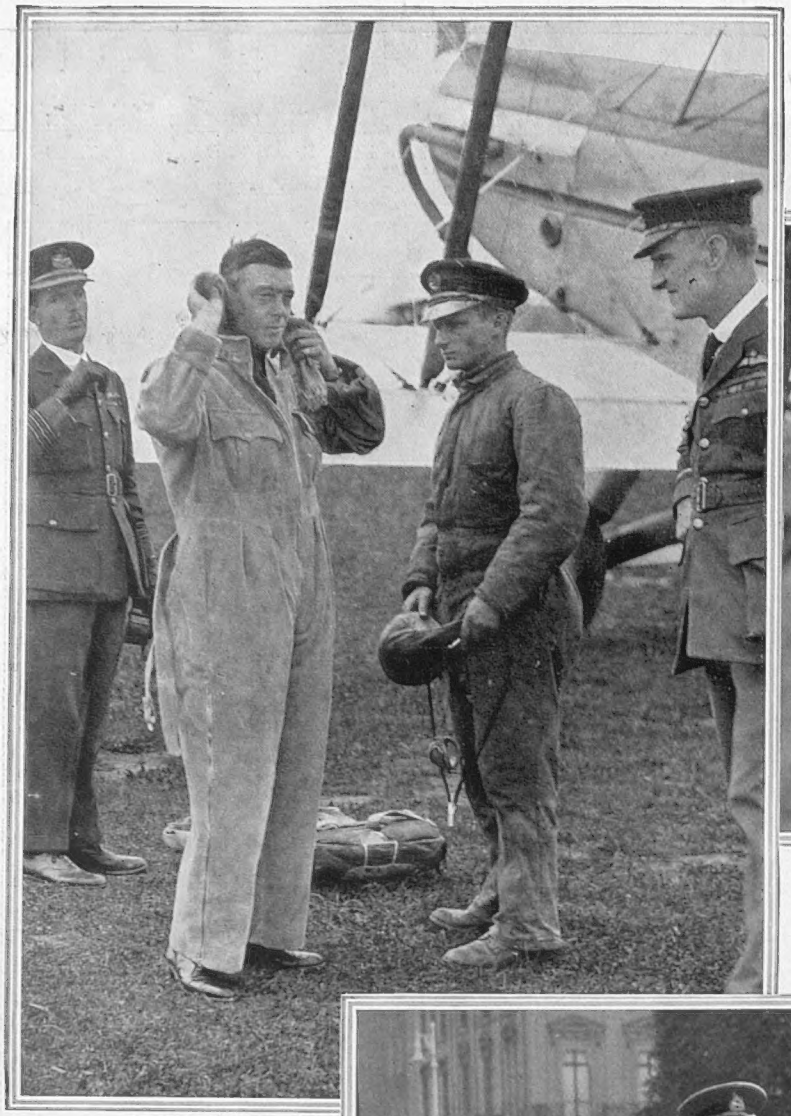
The value of the R.A.F., in the absence of the now dispersed frontier force, cannot be over-rated. Not only as the eyes of the army but as its strong arm, the junior service has proved itself worthy of the traditions of Raj. Such severe punishment has been inflicted along the Bara Valley that a pledge has been given that no more hostile parties will be permitted to travel by that route into India



PETER THE HERMIT OF INDIA: *A fanatical fakir who, from his demoniac horsemanship, has gained the reputation of a god. He rides like a whirlwind, beating his drum and summoning the tribes to cast Britain out of India*

MATTERS MILITARY

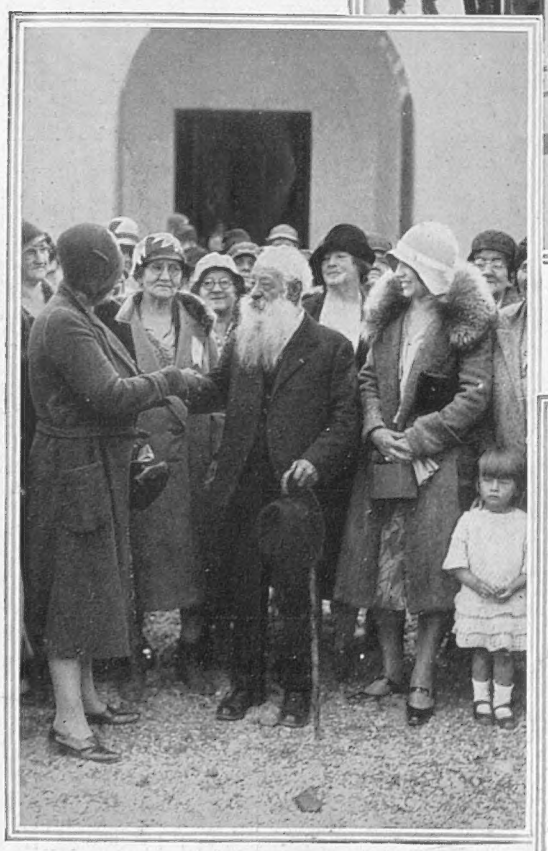
The Prince at the Front——The Green Howards at Buckingham Palace——Gold Star Mothers at Nantillois——Prince Tokugawa at Richmond——General Smith-Dorrien's Funeral



THE PRINCE AT THE "FRONT": The Prince of Wales in flying kit went up to inspect the aerial war between Red-land and Blue-land held over England recently. The 'plane in which H.R.H. went up was mistaken for an enemy machine and forced down. With the Prince, Air Vice-Marshal Sir John M. Steel, Commander of Blue-land, is seen above

SCARLET GIVES WAY TO KHAKI: The 1st Green Howards take the place of the Guards on sentry duty at Buckingham Palace. The lack of the imposing scarlet and bearskin uniforms of the Brigade will be a matter of regret to visitors to the capital

"GENTLEMEN, WE WILL FIGHT," were the words engraved on the coffin of Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien. The pall-bearers were: General Sir Bruce Hamilton, General Sir C. Fergusson, Admiral Sir W. Cowan, General Sir R. Whigham, General Sir D. Campbell, Lieut.-General Sir A. Codrington, Lieut.-General Sir E. Altham, Lieut.-General Sir W. Marshall, Lieut.-General the Rt. Hon. Sir F. Shaw, Lieut.-General Sir R. Stephens, Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir J. Gathorne-Hardy, and Air Vice-Marshal T. I. Webb-Bowen



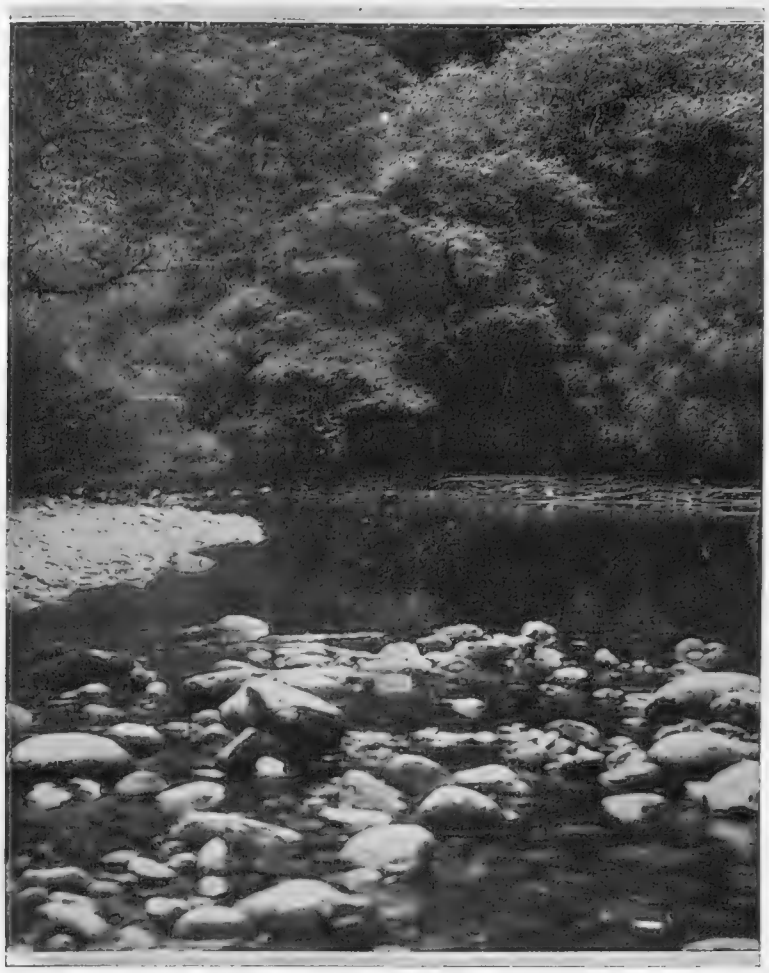
THE "GOLD-STAR MOTHERS" IN FRANCE: M. Dubret, ex-Mayor of Nantillois, chats to the delegation of mothers and wives who lost sons or husbands, and are therefore entitled to wear a gold star. These ladies derive from the State of Pennsylvania. Their menfolk were in the 315 regiment to whom a memorial has just been unveiled

A VISIT TO THE STAR AND GARTER HOME AT RICHMOND: Prince Tokugawa, President of the Japanese Red Cross, visited the Star and Garter Home at Richmond the other day in the course of his visit to England to study our Red Cross methods. His Highness is seen above with Miss I. Lawrence, the matron, chatting to Leading-seaman W. R. Griffin, R.N.

THE PERIL of the LEECH in the BURMESE JUNGLE

One of the Most Hazardous Points on the Australian Air Ronte

By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON-WARD



"The brooding silence of the jungle"

Lost in the jungle! There is mystery, threatening and sinister, in the very word itself.

Here, under the awning on the deck of the steamer, as it ploughs its way against the coffee-coloured stream, all is peace. Standing up in the bows an almost naked Burman, his coppery skin glistening with sweat, prods the water with a long bamboo, and sings out the depth in a plaintive voice; the steamer chugs along slowly, changing her course from time to time. The dim-coloured paddy fields stretch away on either bank to villages sheltered by palm trees. A few buffalo, black against the smouldering sunset, are wallowing homewards. A mile away, on a mound, the golden pagoda of Prome points like a directing finger to Heaven, and the tinkle of bells is wafted down the breeze. All is peace, and the sun goes down swiftly behind the hills, and the lilac sky is set with diamond splinters; for this is the warm, fragrant heart of Burma, rich, generous, quick with the promise of life, and the mile-wide river is the Irrawaddy, the great artery of Burma. Look westwards, in the wake of the sun. Forty miles away the Arakan hills lift up their heads, rising tier on tier. For twenty centuries they have protected the fertile valley of the Irrawaddy from the raider. They loom up big in the dusk, rolling and dipping in sleek, dark-green waves to the horizon, and sixty miles beyond them is the sea.

The Bursting of the Monsoon

Next morning the sun rises straight up above the Siamese mountains. A heavy white mist lies over the river, but this is quickly lapped up as the heat increases. The western hills are very clear now; they seem closer. The sharp lines between the folds show up, as the ranges stand out more harshly one behind the other; and towering up behind them, rising higher and higher into the hot still air like gigantic puffs of smoke shot out of a volcano, are clouds. They are firm yet, with hard outlines; but they continue to pile up, silent and threatening. A shadow falls athwart the gilded earth; it is the shadow of the monsoon. A few days later, in a crescendo of heat and thunder, the monsoon bursts. The pillars of cloud spread themselves out mushroom-like till they cover the whole sky, the heavens open, the rain pours down. From the Irrawaddy to the sea it is but a hundred miles, yes across the air, it is twice as far on foot; but it is no pleasant journey even in the dry weather. In the rainy season I would rather march ten times that distance through inhabited country, however difficult, than face the menace of those empty, trackless jungles! Not for nothing have those hills defied the valour and the ambition and the cupidity of mankind for nigh two thousand years! There is indeed one way through that awful tangle, from the coastland to the green valley of the Irrawaddy, a long, rambling, weary way. Once, in all the long history of Burma, an army marched over the Arakan range and down to the coast, and those who survived dragged back with them across the Taungup Pass the famous Mahamuni image of Buddha, which was set up in what is now called the Arakan pagoda, in Mandalay, for all the world to wonder.

Lost in the Jungle

But even that way is closed now, swamped by the jungle. For the jungle grows faster than man can keep it down. I have lived in the hill jungle during the rainy season, and marched through it for hundreds of miles, guided by tribesmen who knew maybe every tree and rock by the wayside, and it has left on my mind an impression of ruthless evil which all the monsoon could not wash away. From the outside, in the dry weather, the Burmese jungle is one of the most fascinating sights in the world. The huge trees, which give shade from the stabbing glare of the sun; the brilliant flowers, bursting out in clouds of gold and scarlet; the flash of gorgeous plumage, as a bird flickers through the branches; the fountains of creepers pouring down from the tops of the highest trees—all contribute to a memorable picture. Within the air is cool and refreshing. A deep silence reigns, broken only by the ringing hammer note of the tinker-bird, and more abruptly, at intervals, by the joyful cry of the white-faced gibbon. Even to march through the jungle, at this season, is pleasant—*where there is a trail to follow*, and with men who know the way! At night we may sleep in a cave, or under a rock, or beneath the shadow of a tree; and by the leaping light of a log fire the men will tell stories of the *nats*, or spirits, which live in the hollow trees, or on the tops of the hills, and play sad airs on bamboo flutes to the departed. But beware lest you get left behind on the march, for the way is hard to follow and your eyes are not accustomed to those slight signs which the tribesman recognizes at a glance.

It is a terrible experience to be lost in the jungle because you feel so utterly helpless. An overwhelming fear, the awful haunting fear of the unknown, drives you on; and there is no end, no rest.

An Odour of Decay

It is very silent in the heart of the jungle; and the silence, too, is fearful. How you strain your ears for the familiar voice of your companion, now swallowed up in the dark immensity of vegetation! The shrill outburst of a flock of babblers startles you; it is answered presently by the short minatory bark of a muntjac. And then, as the curtain of night is rung down and the silence deepens, new terrors crowd in on the brain. Night in the jungle is always alarming. The dancing fire-flies, the pale, phosphorescent gleam of the dead leaves like restless ghosts seem to mock one; and the despairing hoot of the owl is like a cry from beyond the grave.

And now the scene changes. The monsoon, following close on the heels of the north-running sun, bursts with a clatter and a roar. The silence is succeeded by an ever-growing noise as the scuppers of the hills are filled to the brim. At one stroke the beauty is wiped off the face of the jungle and a grim expression takes its place. There is no sunshine, and if there were the trees are so high and grow so thick overhead that no ray of light could penetrate the canopy. A dismal gloom reigns below and wisps of cloud curl amongst the misty tree trunks. A rank smell of decay pervades everywhere, and the rain drums the devil's tattoo on the mail-clad leaves. Now it rains day and night ceaselessly for two or even three weeks, never stopping but coming down sometimes in harder bursts. The torrents rise and overflow their banks and the roar of tumbling waters fills the air.

Every Branch Alive with Leeches

No man moves in the jungle now. To be lost in the jungle spells death, for to the torture of the mind is added the torture of the flesh. The jungle is thick with leeches. Every tree, every branch is alive with them; the undergrowth, growing waist high, is quivering with them. Blind mouths though they be, they can smell blood, and unerringly they loop steadily towards it with a frightful certitude. The bite of a leech is not much — a tiny star-shaped puncture which bleeds and bleeds for two hours or more, because the leech sees to it that the blood shall not coagulate. But dozens of leech-bites, nay, scores, hundreds! The irritation is maddening, and at night when exhausted nature is trying to snatch a few hours' sleep a hundred bites will start itching together. To this day I carry on my body the marks of leech-bites, made in the Burmese jungle, which festered. And how to make your way through the monstrous growth which is springing up all round you, visibly growing? Huge creepers looped from tree to tree and clad with thorns. Clumps of bamboo ringed with sharp points which tear the flesh and stab and rip the clothes from your body. Nor is that all. In the rains the snakes, which were torpid during the hot, dry weather, come out and are active; they creep along the ground in their brown and yellow skins so like the earth that you do not see them; and some, barred with red and gold, glittering like jewels.

The Jungle by Night

And who shall describe the terror in the night, when no watch can be set, and the darkness is split by the shuddering roar of the tiger, or worse, by the bleating noise he makes when trying to attract and stalk the muntjac? Stark fear then grips man by the throat. For in the jungle the battle is to the strong. That is the law; and man is a weakling in the jungle. Then even the torrent, which you would follow patiently, knowing that it must go down, down to the plains where men dwell, turns on you and betrays you. No longer can you wade across it or follow its headlong course as it crashes through the dense undergrowth. In the night it rises and leaps at you, thrusting you from your perch, threatening you. No, the Burmese jungle is cruel, unforgiving, ruthless. Yet who, looking at those shimmering hills of Arakan asleep in the winter sunshine, would believe it? Who, indeed, unless he had been caught in that terrible embrace of death!

"The whole forest is alive with leeches"

b

CANADA'S *New* SHORT CUT *to* LIVERPOOL.

The Hudson Bay Line at Churchill gives Canada a new Seasonal Port and opens up New Territory to the Immigrant

Described by GEORGE F. PAUL

THE SHORTENER OF DISTANCES: The railway which reduces the journey via Montreal to Liverpool from Winnipeg from 4,133 miles to 3,940 miles; and from Regina from 4,481 miles to 3,789 miles

Canada is busy putting the finishing touches to a wonderful new railroad that has been driven up to Churchill, on the west shore of Hudson Bay. The remarkable thing about this new line is that it trims down the distance from Regina, far out on the plains of Saskatchewan, to Liverpool by 700 miles. Winnipeg is brought 200 miles nearer Liverpool by the new route. Churchill, the northern terminus of the new line, is only 186 miles farther from Liverpool than Montreal itself.

Three centuries have come and gone since intrepid explorers, seeking a short cut to China, took shelter in the harbour at Churchill. To-day this same spot is destined to mark the short cut to Liverpool.

The new railway has already served a beneficial purpose by opening up vast areas in northern Manitoba, where great and varied mineral wealth has been discovered. The new line has well been justified by the working of the new mines and the prospects of pushing the wheat belt still farther into the Northland. The trade in fish and furs has also been stimulated by its construction. The farmers who live out on the plains realize that the ocean has been brought hundreds of miles closer to them. Now they have access to a deep-sea harbour in the heart of Canada.

The news that steel has been laid right through to Churchill is a welcome message to tens of thousands of Canadians who have looked forward eagerly for this day. It has taken bulldog determination to push this project through to completion, but it has been done in spite of all the obstacles that Nature could hurl into the path.

Railroad building in northern Manitoba is not exactly a pleasant pastime of a summer's day. It calls for hard work in abundance, full measure, pressed down and running over. The pioneer track-layer was pushed steadily northward over snow and ice. Sometimes the engineers would be able to lay half-a-mile of track in a day, and again they would be routed by a blizzard that would sting their faces like a blow from a whip. Often they would lay the steel flat on the frozen muskeg. And behind the winter's drive was the summer's drive and other drives that had been lived through and forgotten. There was the work of planning the line and laying out its course, of putting up the telegraph line, of hauling in supplies and equipment by tractor from distant points.

Canada has been thinking about this line for a long time—nearly fifty years. It was back in 1880 that a Bill was fostered to incorporate the Winnipeg–Hudson Bay Railway and Steamship Company. Construction of a line out of The Pas actually began. This was in 1911. The Pas is a small city of 3,500 half-way up the western border of Manitoba. Fort Churchill was the destination of the new line. Then the route was changed and headed for Nelson, 150 miles farther south on Hudson Bay. Work stopped in 1918. It started again in 1923. A careful study was made of the two ports. Result—the terminus was switched back to Churchill. From The Pas the railway runs in a north-easterly direction to mile 356. There it turns north and heads for Churchill. The line crosses five main watersheds — the main Saskatchewan River just north of The Pas; the Nelson River at two points, mileage 242 (Manitou Rapids) and mileage 332 (the Kettle Rapids); the Limestone River at mileage 350; and the Weir and Owl Rivers at mileages 373 and 411. The last two rivers drain into Hudson Bay, with the consequence that the line pointing north from the location is substantially all down hill. The country is flat as a rule, with a series of numerous lakes and rivers all trending north-east. Much of the country is covered with a blanket of muskeg, little rock formation being exposed. On the muskeg is a scattered growth of small spruce timber.

OVER THE RAPIDS: The Hudson Bay Railway crosses Manitou Rapids, Manitoba

MILEAGE SAVED BY THE NEW CHURCHILL PORT	
Winnipeg to Churchill ...	994 miles
Regina to Churchill ...	843 miles
Churchill to Liverpool ...	2,946 miles
Montreal to Liverpool ...	2,760 miles
Winnipeg to Liverpool via Churchill	3,940 miles
Winnipeg to Liverpool via Montreal	4,133 miles
Regina to Liverpool via Churchill	3,789 miles
Regina to Liverpool via Winnipeg and Montreal ...	4,481 miles

Most of the streams are swift, and the most noticeable feature of the lakes is the transparent clearness of the ice. The timber is mostly spruce and tamarack. Frost in the muskeg averages 7 ft. in depth. The coldest temperature registered by the construction forces of the Canadian National Railways, which took the line over, was 52 deg. below zero at Weir River. The greatest depth of ice on lakes or rivers was 5 ft. 6 in. and the average depth of snow on level 2 ft. 2 in. This territory is exposed to very strong winds prevailing from the north-east.

Years ago, when the wheat-growing farmers of central Canada were being robbed of their profits through transportation charges, the cry was raised, "On to the Bay!" Now that rallying cry has reached fulfilment. Political and economic necessity forced the building of the rails to this northern part, thus linking the nation with another ocean.

Now that the railway has been built, the shippers are faced with the problem of navigation over icy seas. Hudson Straits are usually in angry mood. They have chronic indigestion. The inrushing of the tide, the dangerous ice-floes to be avoided, the mælstrom of stormy waters—all these combine to strike terror to the heart of the navigator as in the days of Henry Hudson. Yet modern science hopes to win this battle. Radio beacons are being built, aeroplanes have been making helpful surveys, and better freighters are being constructed from day to day.

Some may propound the pertinent question, "Will the new route pay?" It is true that there are only a few months of the year when the Straits can be navigated, but even at that the new line has focused the thoughts of thousands of Canadians on the Northland. Canada now feels that it is really growing in width instead of length as in former years. To the north has been discovered a new mineral empire, rich in potential wealth. Around Churchill and the new line to the ocean centre great possibilities that the next ten years should develop into gratifying realities.

A JUNCTION ON THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY: The yards at The Pas, Manitoba, a small city on the Province's western border

NAVAL FIRE-FIGHTERS: A landing-party from H.M.S. Wallace *entrenching on Grassholm Island*

THE ROYAL NAVY to the rescue of THE SEABIRDS

Special "Sphere" Pictures from the Orkneys

SAVED BY THE NAVY: The gannets on Grassholm Island endangered by a peat fire and rescued therefrom by the Navy.
Inset above *is a gannet chick* on left, *and* on right *a full-grown specimen*

The Royal Society for the Protection of Seabirds has been informed of the part played by the British Navy in furthering the interests of the Society. Recently several hundreds of yards of peat caught fire on Grassholm Island (Orkneys), endangering the lives of the thousands of inhabitants of the gannetry for which the island is famous. A landing-party from H.M.S. "Wallace" went ashore, and with entrenching tools and shovels cut a trench round three sides of the gannetry. Other parties were landed from H.M.S. "Velox" and "Vortigern," and the birds are now safe.

EUROPE IN

The Continent Bids Fair to Re-crystallize i Possibilities are Sketched below by a We Politique who Plies His Pen as Fearless

By FER

A BUTTRESS—IF A SLENDER ONE: Locarno which, with the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, are the wordy stags against an Armageddon hinted at in this frank and fearless article

Very apologetically I intrude upon your Bradman and Amy and sun-bathing (not to mention unemployment and Empire Free Trade) with this tale of the Continent. I know it is a confounded field. I know you are fed up with it. But the plain fact is that such striking crystallization is currently occurring of all the wrangling and contortion of the past dozen years that you should hear of it in the round, it being hardly possible that this hub country—her commitments aside—should manage to maintain much longer her latter-day pose of disinterest and detachment.

Tableau. The Continent is dividing up before our eyes into two camps, the one armed, the other scrounging around for what it can lay its hand to. It is hard to hold off harking back to those distant days of Bosnia and Agadir, when similarly the nations commenced to sit opposite one another "in two armed camps." We may not be at that stage yet. We may never reach it, with all our pacts and padding against war, and which did not exist twenty years ago. Yet again, things can march so insanely swiftly nowadays . . .

At a luncheon in Geneva in 1923 I sat next a French racial rarity who could see things from elsewhere than eternal Paris, Senator Henri de Jouvenel. My neighbour held that 1935 would prove the crucial year in Europe. The year the Rhineland would be evacuated, the year young French conscripts (by reason of the killing off of breeding stock a score of years earlier) would descend to their lowest aggregate and the "various rumbling forces" attain their maximum momentum. Then for the attempted comeback, if any, by the beaten lands!

The Rhineland has been evacuated five years ahead of schedule; and it seems probable that the conscript consideration (a matter of perhaps 100,000 rifles) has been cancelled out by (a) the new form of contracted, specialized warfare, and (b) by France's unexpected and serious loss of support among erstwhile friends and allies. That, in fact, the Republic stands to-day revealed as being as handicapped as M. de Jouvenel imagined would only come about in 1935. If we cast an eye over "the various rumbling forces" this contention that the crucial year may be fast upon us finds substantiation. There is one major rumbling force in particular which forms the background to all that is passing, and its name is economic disillusionment.

WILL HE COME BACK? The Exile of Doorn who may yet lead, with Mussolini, the Revisionist Bloc

Save the happy and ever-neutral lands (Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland), hardly a country but is in grievous travail. Victors such as the Czechs, the Poles, the Roumanians, struggle with the rest. Even France is at last becoming cognizant of the existence, somewhere, of that dark realm we were the first to enter. In France, despite her golden bloatedness, in the acquisition of which she continues to strike chiefly the one who saved her, there is a widespread *crise des affaires*. The picture is becoming universal. What with machines and tariffs and over-production and over-population and growing lack of confidence in the future, each morning the quagmire deepens. It is essential to keep this economic setting to evolving events well in view. Other forces there are of course that are making for trouble. Roman Youth above itself. Hindenburg bluntly (and unfortunately for his country) flinging down the mask. Geographical surgery of Versailles, which has proved stupid, or unjust, or both. A common nervous malaise native to rapid change; a dangerous boredom, too, with the humdrum conditions of peace; an itching to test the piling-up new weapons. The ever-suspended uncertainty of the Soviet. The recent suspicion, too, that America has over-reached herself and pulls no longer the same weight, leaving the European field the clearer.

And so one could go on. But without the nigh ubiquitous economic distress over Europe, both urban and agrarian, it is safe to say that a dozen Duces could get no forrader in the bayonets and muskets line. With this distress, much, everything becomes possible. Up and down Europe to-day (if principally in the beaten lands) people are tired of a fight that brings no change, save for the worst. Here, the very soil for some to till!

The tilling has been done and you may now behold the sprouting. Marcel Ray, noted Paris writer, returns from Berlin calling it "Le Bloc des Malcontents." Some may prefer to call it the Revisionist Bloc or simply the Beaten Bloc. But whatever you call it, there it is—a straggling organism stretching down the spine of Europe from the Baltic to the Ægean, some 120,000,000 souls getting together under their own colours. It is not a homogeneous Bloc. There are two sides in Austria as there are two sides in the Reich, one for nationalism *à outrance* and another for international co-operation.

KENT'S NEW POSITION ON THE MAP: "Locarno has in some respects advanced the Kent frontier 200 miles East," says Mr. Tuohy

Moreover, exception made of tightly-held Italy, the smouldering fires of "malcontentism" might easily turn Red instead of Racist, but the effort of the two conducting capitals, Rome and Berlin, appears to be so to organize affairs that the Revisionist Bloc shall not disintegrate into communism while yet in process of its formation but go forward as a cohesive whole to the counter-attack on Versailles—zero hour for which assault draws on. The accompanying map will tell much.

Further simplification may derive if we visualize two men as joining battle in the foreground (as indeed they are doing) the executive heads of two great countries aiming at diametrically opposing results. Even as Wilhelm and J. B. used to be employed to typify the oncoming storm of the last generation, so now the European cloud may be writ with the features of Mussolini and Tardieu.

Though of the victors, the former has reared himself to the head of the Beaten Bloc demanding the revision of the Treaty which laid out the new and existing Europe. A seeming paradox, yet the Duce has ever held that Italy was treated as a beaten country, was diddled at Versailles out of spoils that had been promised her with secret "yes" in London in 1915. That is the plank on which he stands as from fabled balconies he harangues youths screaming for a scrap.

Tardieu, bustling, 100 per cent, "*jeune homme de bonne humeur*" Tardieu—he's fifty-three and the smile is forced—who drew with his own hand much of the challenged Treaty, and who likes to think he has more than a strain of his rival in his own character, stands for and is preparing the defence of the *status quo* (with France continentally on top) which emanates from Versailles. To stand and fight on the map of to-day. To alter that map. There, the two policies. Was ever greater conflict; With veiled subtleties deceiving few, Tardieu has spoken French intentions. Should his country fail to secure material guarantees under Briand's Federation plan, or by a revival of the Entente with England, then France will proceed to safeguard her obtained place in the sun by recultivating the balance of power in Europe. She will go into the future well-armed among the friends that remain to her, even if such dividing up of nations has invariably conducted to war. *Tant pis!*

A marked change has come over "Tardieu, France" in recent months even weeks. It is an open secret that Briand believes his Federation scheme the one possible bulwark against eventual war. It has been rejected. And it is now plain even to a French Anglophil that the Entente is dead and buried, that England believes France behaved too badly for any retreading of common path. Nor is this all that is being noted by the firm Tardieu, France. Recent German hatred was a revelation. And there is now in Paris ever augmenting doubt about Poland, heretofore so heavily banked upon; so much so that two or three French Cabinet Ministers have been touring from Warsaw in the hope of counteracting recent German and Italian headway on the Vistula. And to continue in like vein, Belgium is progressively displaying less and less desire to remain hitched to France and more and more inclination to associate herself with this country, feeling relatively safe behind the Locarno Pact, which has in some respects advanced the Kent frontier 200 miles east, and should keep Germany from attacking in the West whatever befall, since that would inevitably bring us in, and Fritz simply hates that to happen. Belgium and Poland wavering from Quai d'Orsay allegiance! Verily the picture changes!

And at the other end of Europe there is the same suggestion. The Roumania of the Bratianus was the implement of France. Paris *hopes* that King Carol will be no less beholden. But Paris is not at all so sure. In sum: the firm of Tardieu, France, diagnoses a marked general cooling towards it where gorge has not already risen to fever heat. For certain she can now only rely on herself, the Czechs, and the Serbs in a freely hostile Europe. In a manner she is already at bay. On July 12 I motored up to the Lanslebourg frontier above Modane. Two hundred Fascists had crossed, armed, into France the day before and posted cards from the French Customs building. (A full account appeared in the *Petit Dauphinois.*) France stood for that insult as she has swallowed lesser ones from the same quarter. But it is hardly possible that she will go on meekly submitting. The country is arming against Time—Tardieu has diverted milliards—and from amused tolerance of Italy a different sentiment is spreading. There remains the old and tried principle of the best means of defence being offence. A similar, and

THE DEFINITE ALLY OF FRANCE AND STATUS QUO: President Masaryk does not relish any upset in present conditions wherein his State flourishes

TWO CAMPS

Opposing Blocs: Content and Malcontent. The known War Correspondent and Writer on "Welt" as He Conducted Himself on Many Battlefronts

NAND TUOHY

necessary, defensive case could be put up by Paris should Germany violate the demilitarization clauses. In that event France has the right to march across S. Germany, leaving lines of communication *en route*, and link up with Czecho-Slovakia, and as things are materializing, she might well exercise this stopper on Hindenburg.

But to return now to the general new alignment of the nations. The sides in the weighted balance of power game are as follows:

Status Quo.	*Revisionists.*
France.	Italy.
Belgium.*	Germany.
Poland.*	Hungary.
Czecho-Slovakia.	Bulgaria.
Jugo-Slavia.	Austria.
Roumania.*	Turkey (backed by Italy).

* See foregoing.

"THE PACTS AND PADDING AGAINST WAR THAT DID NOT EXIST TWENTY YEARS AGO": The League of Nations which "has sunk away in influence and about which some countries are derisive"

One is not for a moment suggesting that all, or perhaps any, of these countries want war; merely that as team-mates they are comporting themselves in a manner liable to render their ultimate escape from it a matter of some difficulty.

Even the most bellicose of lands cannot lightly by anticipation behold Russia, standing aside, hoping fervently that the clash may come and may produce that chaos which alone can supply the suitable terrain for the world revolution that failed last time.

No, no. There are two ways of looking at this new assortment of the nations. In blood-and-thunder terms of outright war. And in terms of gradualness. The Revisionists are gradualists, hoping to make themselves felt in more than one way without having recourse to violence. The Duce has undoubtedly ranted, partly with this thought in mind of shaking others into giving him concessions (he calls them dues). It may be that a *coup* here and there may liven up the Revisionist campaign now and then. Perhaps an Otto returning to Budapest by air. Or a private gentleman from Doorn stepping down from a limousine in the Taunus. Why it may even be that we shall see in our morning papers that stagnant Dantzig has "gone Prussian" through Polish neglect, or that such-and-such a claimed area has been occupied overnight . . . and what are you going to do about it, you *Status Quo* birds?

Meantime we shall make the acquaintance of the Beaten Bloc at Geneva this September (two are on the Council), as we are likely to witness it exerting increasing pressure in the diplomatic field generally, backing up each other's individual grievances and claims, playing a common hand. But all this is not war, even if it be quite an urgent transformation.

Nevertheless war lurks in the background and could come at a moment's bidding from either side—a murder on the frontier; the French insisting that a surreptitiously occupied area be evacuated—it wouldn't be difficult to loose off war. The *Status Quo* team has the arms, or most of them, but the Revisionists have as good a warlike record, as they also have the numbers and the greater will-to-conflict (notable: how youth in the Beaten Bloc is ardent), and probably the more intact front and the greater sympathy of the bystanders. Moreover, in regard to the dearth of arms on the one side, there is considerable smuggling of vital pieces in progress, and war has changed so profoundly to the sudden-*coup*-in-the-night order of events that it would be unwise to labour this Revisionist handicap unduly.

Now to summarize an important aspect, namely, exactly how vulnerable is France? Here is a view widely held in the new Bloc:

> "Those powerful sympathizers last time, America and the Dominions, Japan and Britain, will stand right out of this new balance of power business. Armed as she may be to the teeth, France has now only minor stuff definitely to rely on. We believe, too, that France has gone soft from satiation, as she is weakened by Socialism. Her armed forces are honeycombed with Moscow cells. She has fine professional cadres and she is finely equipped, but she will look in vain for practical outside help save in the form of Anglo-American volunteer heroics. Compelled to keep the bulk of her forces to watch the Rhine and the Alps and the Mediterranean seaboard, it would be a risk for her to move her coloured army over from Africa lest Italy attack there (only eighty miles distant!) so where is she going to have troops to spare for Jugo-Slavia and for farther afield? *Even if these troops would march, which we don't believe they would. We do not believe that French soldiers will march beyond the defence of their own frontier . . . and supposing we should leave that frontier severely alone?*"

Still challenge is, of course, possible to this. Besides France having the moneybags, Foch's aides drew the new map with keen eyes to future strategy, as any soldier will tell you. Moreover the Serbs are first-rate fighters and the Czechs are better than most in their part of the world. Foch had arranged for an army to be in Munich on Christmas Day, 1918. The French will tell you that if there is any nonsense and they have to fight, people may yet see an army in that vicinity, a superb force of half-a-million professionals equipped like none ever, and under Weygand.

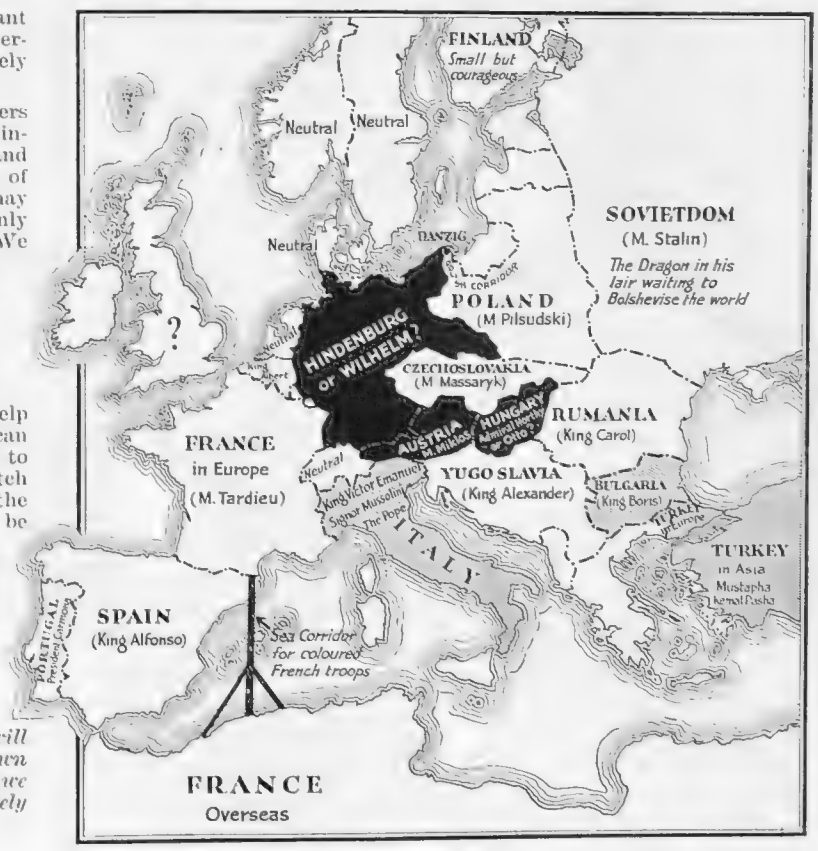
With possible over-haste the French Press is openly canvassing the likelihood of eventual war. It points to the fatal armaments race that is on with Italy; to the Duce's perfecting of naval bases, against time, all round Sicily and "the Toe." And then there is General Groener's determination to stretch the Treaty "as far as it will go" in the way of arming the Reich. Already the Reichswehr is augmented; to-morrow Groener will be busy reconstructing the destroyed Rhineland defences. . . .

And should you say to the French, "But what about the Covenant and Locarno and the Kellogg Pact?" you may get answer:

> "The League has sunk away in influence. Countries are going about things with small faith in it. Some are derisive. Locarno will be respected because its terms do not impinge upon Revisionist ambitions. As for the Kellogg Pact, no thinking person but knows that it is not worth the parchment it is written on, in this type of world, so long as one thing fails to happen, and that thing (most unlikely) America's warning that any violator of it will not only not find a benevolent American eye, but will encounter complete lack of all American sustenance."

I have endeavoured to present the forming Newer Europe soberly, not hesitating to indicate where it may fetch up, while at the same time pointing out likely stopping-places *en route*. The new Bloc is composing its own differences, and far from disarming, it will grab such clubs as come to hand on the principle laid down by its Roman leader that you never get anything by being weak. The Beaten Bloc also holds that valued asset, the initiative. It does not want war—yet, at any rate. It wants to get much firstly by peaceful joint pressure. Germany wants Upper Silesia back, also Pomerania and the freak Polish Corridor. But she will be quite content to realize progressively the Saar, lightening of the demilitarization clauses, and the Anschluss with Austria, as *premiers pas*. The same gradualness with Italy. Italy wants hegemony over Dalmatia and she also wants Tunis like the devil. But unless losing all sense of proportion the Duce might be content, for the time being, to accept a mandate somewhere and those other rifles long on the tapis with France, rectification of the Libyan frontier and the right of Italians to remain Italian in Tunisia.

The French say they won't cede anything as long as Mussolini keeps on shouting, which has caused cynics to aver that the Duce is shouting so that nothing may be offered, the game having passed for him on to a much broader plane.) Well . . . and Hungary wants to reclaim 600,000 of her own from the Roumanian yoke, and other things besides, and poor, really-hit Austria wants some access to the sea, and Bulgaria wants this, and somebody else wants the other. They all want something. Hence "le Bloc des Malcontents," Europe's budding political entity. Leader: the Duce. First objective: All-Together-For-As-Much-As-We-Can-Get-Back-Peacefully-From-Versailles. Second objective: Question mark.



REVISIONIST AND STATUS QUO: *The countries neutral in the War and those in favour of the* status quo *are marked white. The Revisionist or Defeatist bloc are marked black or shaded to indicate the intensity of their feelings. Only on Great Britain is affixed a question mark. Even the well-informed correspondent who writes this staggering article dare not prophesy which way the lion will spring*

Where do we stand? At present we are watching the two camps assembling. Mr. Lloyd George aided in drawing the challenged frontier lines, and he has said that the Treaty was the child of its hectic epoch and not the permanent word. Do we, while retaining Locarno, which is distinctly useful, otherwise intend to emulate the Americans and say, "To blazes with the whole lot of you." It might be a good thing if we could, but can we? Can we take the risk of standing down and of Europe blowing up? I know there is a concept that this apparently approaching next war can be conducted by limited and select forces of professionals and Fascisti. Personally I don't believe a word of it.

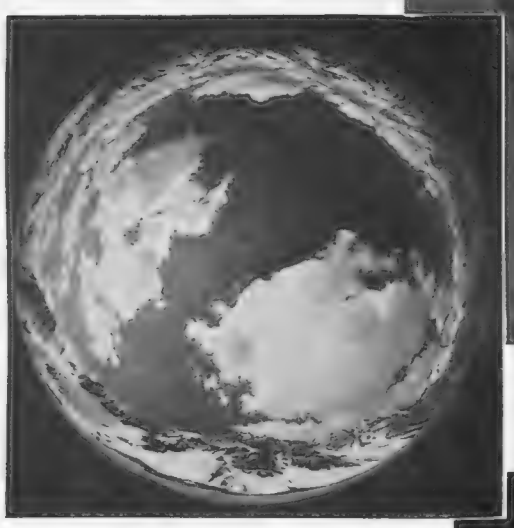
It may be that we shall have to take the lead in regard to a practical policy of Revisionism.

PHOTOGRAPHY of the WHOLE HORIZON

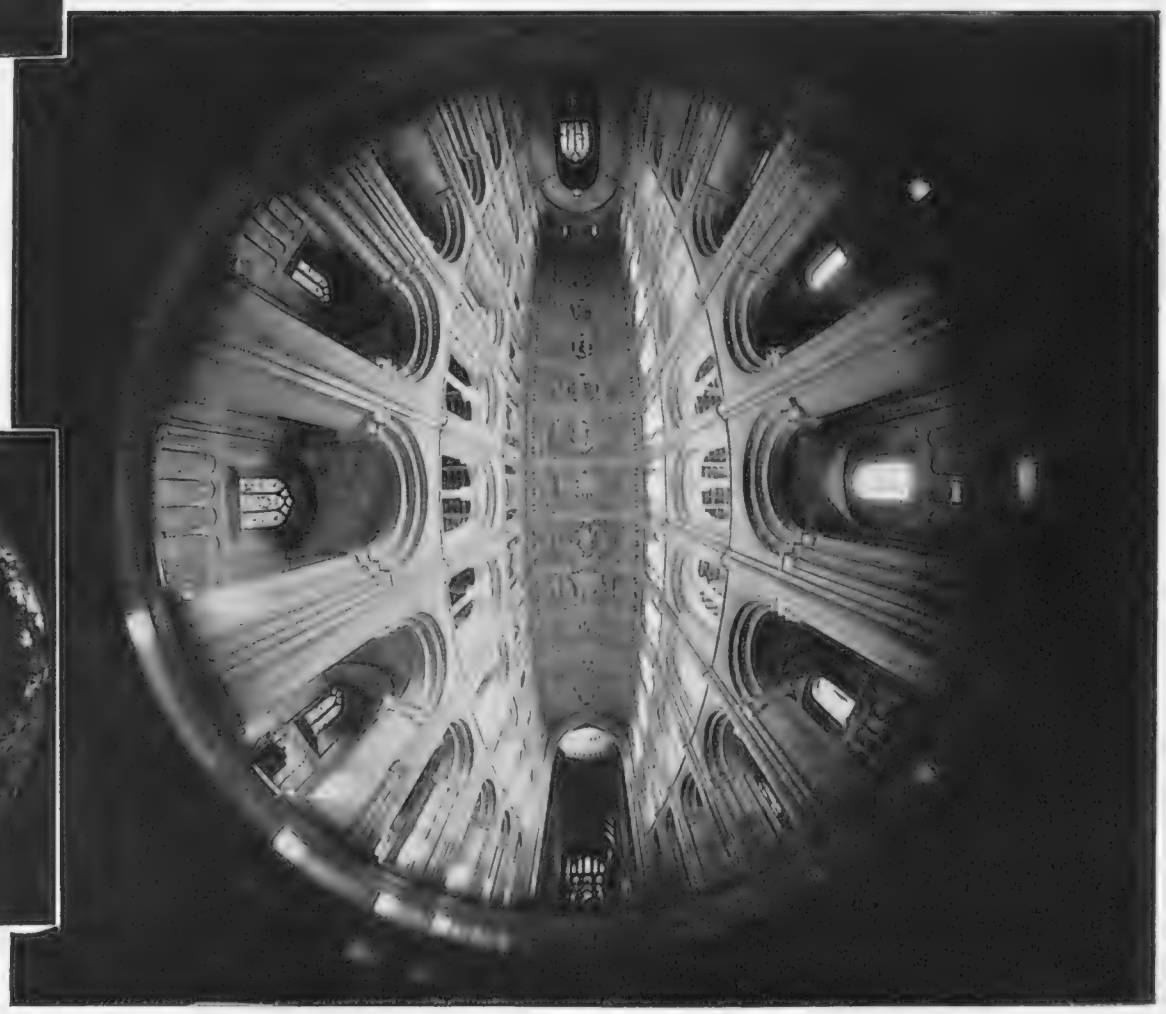
The Epoch-making Discovery of a New Lens by an Englishman Renders it Possible to Record in One Exposure a Complete Eye-view

A complete record of the clouds in the sky at any moment can be secured only by taking both zenith and horizon photographs, and for this a special camera with a particular lens is required. With an ordinary camera a number of photographs must be taken and the various views fitted together. This, as can be well imagined, is not entirely satisfactory. The problem is the projection of a hemisphere on to a plane in such a manner that the horizon forms the limiting circle to the projection, the zenith being represented by the centre. This is done with a lens invented by a young Englishman, Mr. Robin Hill, pictures taken with whose lens are reproduced above. There is, of course, a certain amount of distortion in the picture as a whole, and obviously this cannot be entirely overcome, but if a section of the picture is cut out and enlarged the apparent distortion disappears, the picture resulting being normal. The use of this camera and lens will naturally be of great value in the study of weather signs and conditions, and meteorological science generally. Explorers and surveyors will be enabled to demonstrate more comprehensively the terrain they cover, and in various directions the apparatus may be utilized with success. It is easy to imagine the interest of pictures of a similar nature taken in the wide open spaces, on the prairies, deserts, and wilderness, as well as on plains where the horizon is formed by mountain ranges, and at sea. Of what tremendous value horizon pictures taken at the North Pole, or by Shackleton, Mawson, and Byrd in the Antarctic might possibly be! Future expeditions into the wilds and inaccessible spots on the globe must surely be equipped with this extraordinarily effective camera. Architecturally, one can secure unique records of cathedrals.

THE CIRCLE OF SKY AND HORIZON TAKEN IN ONE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPOSURE: A remarkable demonstration, at St. Anton in the Tyrol, of Mr. Robin Hill's new lens



ALL THE SKY AND A HORIZON OF SNOW PEAKS: A result recalling in appearance an astronomical—or a medieval—chart



ELY CATHEDRAL: A striking all-round view of the interior showing both east and west windows

STUDY OF A PINEWOOD: By turning the camera sideways the inevitable distortion occasioned by the new lens is apparent

The LIONS of HIMERA.

A Striking Sicilian Excavation

ROARING DEFIANCE AT THE PUNIC INVADERS AND THE PUNIC FAITH:

One of the sculptured and painted lions which adorned the Doric Temple of Himera

THE SCULPTURED LION WITH SLAVERING AND GAPING JAWS:

A series of more than forty of these great heads ran along the cornice of the Temple in the manner of gargoyles

COMMEMORATING A VICTORY OF THE SICILIAN GREEKS:

The leonine heads, of which there were over forty, which adorned the Doric Temple at Himera, erected in 480 B.C. to commemorate the defeat of Hamilcar, grandfather of Hannibal

THE GREEK GRIN OF DERISION:

One of the lion masks which were thrown down in 409 B.C. by the then victorious Punic hordes

RAISED TO COMMEMORATE THE DEFEAT OF THE GRANDSIRE:

RAZED TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTORY OF THE GRANDSON:

In 480 B.C. the Hellenic Sicilian inhabitants of Magna Græcia defeated Hamilcar and built the Temple of Himera as a memorial. In 409 the Punic forces under Hannibal avenged the battle and razed the Temple to the ground

The Temple of Himera, which has only just been excavated and freed from the accumulated structures of 2,000 years, is one of the most remarkable buildings executed in the Doric style. Its most salient feature was the frieze of colossal leonine heads, wrinkled of nose, slavering of jaw, which ornamented the gutter cornice of the Temple. In addition to the vividness of the sculpture, the heads were painted. The Hamilcar whose defeat occasioned the raising of the Temple (contemporaneously with the battle of Salamis) and the Hannibal, his grandson, whose victory resulted in the destruction of the trabeation of the building, must not be confused with Hamilcar Barca and the transalpine Hannibal of the Punic wars, some two centuries later. The earlier Hannibal was the son of Gisgon. Other monuments—of Medusa, Silenus, and unidentifiable Græco-Roman deities—have also been discovered.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

is now a pilot. She is seen above with Captain Baker, M.C., A.F.C., a crack instructor at Heston with fourteen years' flying experience. Lady Drummond-Hay is wearing a flying kit she designed herself

writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

AN AERONAUTICAL REVOLUTION.—A new "mystery aeroplane," a startling innovation in aircraft construction, is being built and experimented by Captain V. H. Baker, M.C., A.F.C., one of Britain's most famous pilot-instructors, and James Martin, aircraft engineer. They hope to surprise the world of aviation with a novel-type 'plane by the end of the year.

Captain Baker, now Chief Instructor at Heston Air Park, joined the R.F.C. in 1916, served in France during the War, and subsequently was for three years attached to the Dutch Naval and Military Air Forces in Java. Miss Amy Johnson, national flying heroine, has placed herself in the capable hands of Captain Baker, one of her former instructors, for further flying instruction. Four days after her triumphant return to England and immediately following the functions of her reception, Miss Johnson went to Heston to fly with Airwork's famous Chief Instructor.

Considerable secrecy surrounds the new aircraft now under construction, which I had the privilege of inspecting the other day.

Visibility for the pilot, such as may not be had from any other 'plane in existence to-day, is one of the outstanding features of this very novel invention. It has largely been inspired by Captain Baker's belief that "air-traffic jams" are an inevitable menace of the comparatively near future. James Martin is responsible for a patent metal-construction which it is predicted by experts may bring about an entirely new method of constructing aeroplane fuselages.

"Perfect all-round visibility is rapidly becoming the first essential to safety in flying," Captain Baker remarked to me. "So long as flying is confined to a few hundreds, the existing blind spots present little or no problem to the pilot. But the day is rapidly passing when the airways can be considered the highways of the privileged. Within a few years, private flying will have passed from the category of luxury sport to economical, speedy individual and collective transport, within the reach of tens of thousands. Imperfect visibility will constitute a tremendous risk and responsibility. Air collisions cannot be less than disastrous. We have designed and are constructing a 'plane in which the pilot has an uninterrupted and unlimited field of vision, thereby eliminating the danger of collision in the air, and greatly simplifying landings."

A THORNY PROBLEM.—Satisfactory self-government or severest military repression.

That is what promises to confront Great Britain at the coming Round Table Conference on India.

Between a sincere desire to do justice to the aspirations of the people of India, the duty of protecting British interests, and the determination to avert chaos, the Indian problem is a hard nut to crack for the British Government.

In Egypt there are thirteen foreigners to every thousand Egyptians. Of those thirteen, two are British. In India with its 318,500,000 population, there is approximately but one white Briton to every 2,700 natives.

There was a time when one Briton could rule 2,700 or even more natives in India without much regard for their acquiescence. That time is past.

The close of the world-war was the beginning of the end of that sort of British rule in India, as it was also of the Lord Cromer days in Egypt. We ourselves contributed no little to the end of that historical epoch. Necessary as it may have been at the time, the use of Indians and Africans on European battlefields shook the white man's prestige in those lands. Now we are paying the price.

England must face the realities of the situation in India as it exists to-day.

Theories of the past, and reminiscences of Anglo-Indian military and political officers of what WAS in India, do not help much towards the solution of what now IS in India.

Conservatism should be natural and logical progressive growth, not mental stagnation to be left standing still at the post while time and historical development race on.

Britain can no longer peacefully rule India without the consent of a considerable proportion of the Indian peoples. That is now obvious—or should be—to all. Whatever the status of India, the form and measure of self-government to be proposed by Britain at the Round Table Conference in October, it must be designed to go far towards meeting the aspirations of the Indians. The alternative is military and police rule of severe repression for a period, the end of which cannot be calculated. That is possible but scarcely practical indefinitely. It would be unprofitable and react increasingly against our remaining interests. The drop of 23 per cent. of our trade with India is but one example. The closest and friendliest economic co-operation in India can be more important to the British Empire than a political domination imposed by military and police, without that mutual benefit.

Not out of consideration, however, can be left the danger of chaos in India, possibly worse than we now see in China. India is even less united than is China. Indian leaders who have the real interests of their country and people at heart must not lose that out of sight.

Sober objectiveness, common sense, genuine friendliness, true vision of the future, not sterility of thought, obstinacy of will, or determination on each side to be "winner," should be the spirit of the Round Table.

CITIES OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.—Science, invention, mechanization, speeding the twentieth century to discovery of worlds outside this planet, or hitherto invisible to its inhabitants, serve also as torches to the dim and distant Past. But archæologists, working their regular "seasons" of excavation all over the earth, still differ as to which are the world's oldest cities.

In a recent bulletin on the subject, the National Geographic Society of Washington claims that the first cities or towns in the world were built by Sumerians in the Tigris-Euphrates valley, possibly as far back as 4500 B.C. Although towns and villages exist to-day on those sites, there is no historical record of continuous existence.

Damascus, the Holy City in Syria, is believed by the Society to be the oldest city in the world in continuous existence. It is mentioned in Genesis xiv, 15, as a town, in the days of Abraham, about 2000 B.C. Cairo, and its suburb Heliopolis, is the oldest city in Africa, founded 2500 or 3000 B.C. Athens and Rome share that honour in Europe, both boasting history since about a thousand years before Christ.

The United States, according to Mr. Neil M. Judd, can claim Oraibi, an Arizona Indian village, as its corner-stone of metropolitan life. The annals of Oraibi record it as a city in 1370, more than a hundred years before Columbus discovered America.

South America claims this distinction for the ancient Inca city of Cuzco, Peru, reputed to have been flourishing since the tenth century. Mexico City, founded by the Aztecs in 1325, is believed to be the oldest large city on the North American mainland.

European transatlantic pioneers founded San Domingo, Haiti, in 1479, while the oldest city of European origin in the United States is St. Augustine, Florida, dating back to 1565.

The youngest "oldest" city of any continent is Sydney, Australia, where the first settlement was made by Europeans in 1788.

EARTHQUAKE AHCHITECTURE.—"Earthquake-proof" houses and buildings are becoming an imperative necessity in Japan, Italy, and other regions of the globe in the so-called "earthquake zones."

Architects, builders, and construction specialists in Tokio are about to experiment with "Sub-surface Scrapers" in place of "Sky-scrapers," according to advices from there.

The fact that the subway tunnels under Tokio suffered comparatively little damage in the great Japanese earthquake of 1923 inspired experiment on a small scale with some "deep houses" or subterranean structures. During shocks that followed the great disaster of 1923—and rarely a week passes without some minor earthquakes in Japan—it was demonstrated that these sub-surface buildings suffered little, sometimes not at all.

That led a Japanese construction firm to offer a big prize for the best architectural plan of a "deep-scraper," or building going deep into the ground instead of high above it. A plan for a thirty-five storey structure, of which the first storey only is aboveground, and the "thirty-fifth" about 500 ft. down in the earth, has been awarded the first prize.

This "sub-surface scraper" is to be of concrete and steel. The plan calls for a shaft 75 ft. in diameter, running through the centre of the thirty-five storey subterranean building, for light and ventilation. The structure is round in form, as is also the shaft in the centre, on to which all rooms face with windows. The building is like a gigantic pipe sunk into the earth. There is a large ventilation plant with specially constructed ventilators in each room, and a unique system of mirrors reflecting daylight to the topmost or "bottom-most" storey, in addition to which an ingenious electric-light system is to furnish a soft, clear light very similar to daylight in every nook and corner.

Of course, the plan for such a sub-surface round, pipe-like structure sunk into the earth, meets with scepticism, not to say scorn, in many circles, as daring new thoughts always do. The problem, however, of housing the populations in Japan, in Italy, in the earthquake belt on the Pacific Coast of North and South America, in such a manner as will prevent the terrible loss of life and destruction of property in earthquakes is forcing itself upon governments and architectural experts for consideration and experiment.

REAR LIGHTS FOR ANIMALS.—A cow driven in a country lane or highway on a dark night should have a red danger-lamp on her tail!

That was the Solomonic decision of an American judge in the State of Connecticut the other day.

A farmer was leading his cow home on a very dark night, when suddenly a motor-car coming round a curve in the road ran into the cow. The cow was killed, the motor-car skidded into a tree. Farmer and driver of the car almost came to blows in the darkness. The farmer demanded the price of his cow, the driver the cost of repairs to his car.

The judge decided against the farmer. He should have placed a lantern on the tail of his cow if he took her along the road on dark nights. Since motor-cars and horse-drawn wagons must have rear-lights, why not a cow, was his verdict.

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY IN THE "DO.X"

Special "Sphere" pictures of our special correspondent at Friedrichshafen

SEEKING GREAT HEIGHTS: Lady Drummond-Hay goes to the captain's bridge, i.e. the control room. She is one of the few journalists welcome in such a position owing to her knowledge, her experience, and her prestige in the flying world

AT THE HELM: Lady Drummond-Hay at the wheel of the giant 12-engined "Do.X." The taking of the wheel is no mere gesture, for "The Sphere's" correspondent is a fully-qualified and competent pilot. With thirty tons of fuel and oil, crew, passengers, and equipment, including two rubber life-boats and an inflatable rubber life-raft to carry twelve on board, the "Do.X" will weigh 53 tons at the take-off

CHARTING THE COURSE: Lady Drummond-Hay in the control cabin discusses the route with Captain Christian Christiansen, who will be in command. This will follow the line Lisbon—Horta (Azores)—Hamilton (Bermudas)—New York. There will be twelve persons on board, eleven men and one woman—eight Germans, three Americans, and one English (Lady Drummond-Hay). Thus while Miss Amy Johnson is the first of her sex to fly to Australia, Lady Drummond-Hay will achieve for Britain the honour of having as a citizen the first woman to fly the Atlantic from east to west

IN PROFILE: The great 12-motor Dornier product over Lake Constance. Although designed by Dr. Claude Dornier, she will carry Herr Maurice Dornier as her owner's representative. The identification marks of the "Do.X" are unmistakable. On both wings and on the fuselage the bold figures **D. 1929** are clearly marked

A FEATURE OF THE CONSTRUCTION: The inspection of machinery is ever a vital problem on long-distance craft. "Do.X" is constructed with a type of gallery along which mechanics can walk below the motors to discover, and subsequently correct, any minor disability

ABOVE LAKE CONSTANCE: "Do.X" over the placid waters of the Bodensee. The passenger deck is furnished for sixty-six passengers—the number it could carry without extra petrol tanks on 750-mile trips, as from London to Copenhagen or Southampton to Vigo. She has been in the air with 170 persons aboard. There are thirty-six port-holes on each side of the giant flying-boat

THE MOTIVE
Ameri

"Do.X"—The DORNIER Masterpiece

The Trial Flights over Lake Constance of the Twelve-motored 'Plane to Fly the Atlantic with Lady Drummond-Hay Aboard, Next Month

AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF A FLIGHT ABOVE LAKE CONSTANCE: The gigantic superstructure of the Dornier masterpiece is clearly shown in this picture

The "Do.X" was equipped with twelve Jupiter motors manufactured in Germany under licence. They did not prove satisfactory and twelve American Curtiss Conqueror motors have replaced them. This changes the "face" of the superstructure considerably because the latter are water-cooled and have big radiators in front. Also two-bladed propellers have replaced the four-bladed ones on the rear six engines. The new engines are each 600 h.p., but can be increased to a maximum of 625, thus giving the craft a total of 7,200 or 7,500 h.p.

TIVE POWER: Five of the twelve engines of the "Do.X." She had been equipped with Jupiter motors made, under licence, in Germany, but these have been replaced by twelve American Curtiss Conqueror engines. These are water-cooled and have big radiators in front. Two-bladed propellers have replaced the four-bladed ones on the rear six engines

"THE SPHERE" AT THE CONTROLS: Lady Drummond-Hay in the engine-room of the Do.X. Aerial travel is now "vieux jeu" to "The Sphere's" special correspondent

REPAIRS TO THE PROPELLER: A mechanic at work on one of the special ladders attached to the engines. *Inset above on left* are Lieutenant C. H. Schildhauer, late of the U.S. Navy Air Force; Captain Christiansen, Germany's naval war "ace"; Pilot Wagener and Flight-Captain Merz of the Lufthansa

Inset above in centre: WORK FOR "THE SPHERE" WRITTEN ABOARD THE "Do.X": Lady Drummond-Hay engaged with a typewriter, and Mr. Karl von Wiegand, her aerial comrade

JOURNALISTS OF THE AIR: Lady Drummond-Hay and Mr. Karl von Wiegand—the only two Atlantic veterans to make the journey in September. *Inset above on right.*—Lady Drummond-Hay is seen with Herr Maurice Dornier who is crossing "vice" his brother Claude, the designer of the "Do.X"

GERMANY'S AIR MONSTER

CLASSICS of PEACE and WAR

Sir George MacMunn: Thomas Mann: Frank Harris: and J. B. Priestley Produce Four Notable Volumes Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

It became evident on p. 2 of *Behind the Scenes in Many Wars* (Murray. 15s.) that its author, Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, knows how to write as well as to fight. Here is a book of reminiscences of a man who has a wonderful story to tell, and what is more rare, the courage and the skill to tell it. The scion of several generations of the fighting Irish, he was brought up in the heart of the old Army tradition in the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. His earliest memories begin there:

> ". . . a small boy at an upstairs window looking out on those constant winter funerals of veterans that formed below his nursery window, the hand-bier covered with the Union Jack and the empty three-corned cocked hat atop. Twenty-four pairs of old toes slowly crunching the gravel behind, and one fife and one muffled drum, wailing out that glorious Christmas hymn, the *Adeste Fideles*, in the slowest of slow time, with all the rejoicing gone and only the pathos left. In the mustering of the veteran to his fathers the last word in respectful mourning was the wail, 'O come all ye faithful,' on the one shrill fife re-echoing through those old red corridors, and I have never forgotten it—the British Army going to its grave."

That is the level of the writing; from amazing facts it suddenly flowers into sheer poety. India, from the earliest days, was in his blood; the Baluchistan Frontier, the storming of Dargai, the Chinese Border, and then the epic of South Africa. The General was behind the scenes in the Kitchener-Curzon controversy, and he holds the scales very evenly in his recital of that battle between giants. He served under Haig in India, and there is an intimate portrait of his chief.

Through such experiences, including the great Delhi Durbar, the General marches on to *Der Tag*. But he has hot words for the Irish crisis that preceded the great outbreak of war. "But there was one crowning folly of all, only perhaps possible in mentalities that lie outside the rim of normal human nature, the Mr. Morleys and the Jack Seelys. That the latter, whose handling of the crisis so nearly broke the army, now appears in dress and rank of a major-general is one of the humours of life, and perhaps he sees it so." There is a full-length portrait of the great Cowans, the feeder of the Army, who made Lord Kitchener feed out of his hand, and never allowed the rôle of Don Juan to impair his efficiency. Then, and that is the chief affair of this book, we come to the unhappy saga of the Dardanelles. General MacMunn carried out the great evacuation after that colossal failure, a feat that compelled the admiration of the German Staff and will go down in military history.

Persia is the next scene and, *en passant*, Sir George makes a memorable observation. "It should be realized that the world's geology had been playing a trick on the British nation. In the steam period the possession by Great Britain alone of a really first-class steam-coal had still further augmented her Naval control of the world. With the advent of oil this inestimable strategical asset has passed from us. Not only have we lost our supremacy as the possessors of the best fuel, but the world is turning to a fuel which is singularly deficient so far as yet known within the British Empire." The General makes an amazing statement upon Townshend in Kut. He declares that he had fixed a starvation date several months before his actual surrender, which compelled the General attempting the relief to proceed with inadequate resources. The Mesopotamian Command, Bagdad, the line of the Tigris, Iraq and Southern Kurdistan, with India once more, complete the compass of this book. The story is told with bright humour, absolute candour, and a zest for a life rewarded by its striking successes that makes it readable, informative, and the happy record of a man who has been at the centre of great events of recent history.

Happily the name of Thomas Mann needs no introduction in this country. The foremost of living German writers, his style had a subtlety which is without an equal in modern letters. Here is a gem of a story, *Mario and the Magician* (Secker. 5s.), to set beside that other cameo, *Death in Venice*. Once more Thomas Mann is on Italian soil, but his delicate spirit has sensed a change in the atmosphere of that charming race. It is the simple story of a German family, staying at a little Mediterranean resort, that goes one evening to a local conjuring show. After various demonstrations of hypnotism by a man who has within him something akin to a demoniac spirit, he succeeds in humiliating a boy, Mario, after a long mocking duel of their clashing wills. Suddenly the story closes on a note of stark tragedy. And there Thomas Mann leaves us. But the story matters little. It is the fine subtlety in the telling that holds one entranced.

THE WRITER OF A BLOOD AND THUNDER: A youthful portrait of Mr. Frank Harris, *litterateur*, biographer, editor, purveyor of *contes*, and now author of a filmesque work on Texas

And how surely he has sensed that something which has kept me, for the first time in twelve years, out of that lovely land! Fascismo has achieved wonders, but it has brought into the Italian character an intolerable arrogance which the visitor, knowing the Italians of the old days, now finds quite insupportable. Arrogant, armed young men at every street corner, spies on the trains hoping to catch an unthinking tourist with a foot near a cushion, in order to pounce on him and fine him, a preposterous sense of national dignity, without a vestige of humour, an unsleeping desire to catch the visitor in any act or gesture that can be attributed to a lack of veneration for the heavy scowling face imprinted with tar on public buildings, all these things and more, descending to violence and imprisonment on the slightest pretext, have made me a reluctant exile from the land I love most after my own.

There are some who deny any feelings of change, and I am interested, therefore, to find that Thomas Mann has also sensed it. It comes out in the beach episode in this book.

Thomas Mann has caught the atmosphere of these small Italian seaports with great fidelity. The richness of scenery and character, the charm of the Signora, whose local fame rested on her friendship of a few weeks with Eleonora Duse, Cipolla, the repulsive magician, the peasants, and boat boys in their coloured jerseys, the courteous hotel-manager, the Princepessa, thrown into a panic by a hint of whooping cough in the adjacent bedroom, they are a delightful procession, sketched by the deftest hand. And when the tragedy is carried to its curtain one realizes that this little book has the completeness of all small works of art, be they a Corot landscape, a Puccini opera, or a Sistine chapel.

Every morning as I sat on the balcony of my flat overlooking the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, writing in warm December sunshine some four years ago, there were two events in the morning's ritual for which I waited expectantly. One was the appearance of that amazing and ill-fated creature, Isadora Duncan, taking her morning walk, the other was the appearance of an elderly man, generally accompanied by a couple of ladies. Something in his mien, slightly querulous and autocratic, made me notice him. A little later I was told that he was Frank Harris, now in retirement from the United States and his temporary fit of Anglophobia.

I suspect his disgust with England sprang from the fact that it would not take him as seriously as it had once been induced to do. There is an outburst in this book of his *On the Trail* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). He complains that a volume of the world's best stories was published without even a mention of his name. That is the penalty of being ridiculously overpraised. But, be that as it may, Frank Harris is a figure that cannot be ignored, and here he comes again, not as a Shakespearean scholar, but in the surprising rôle of cowboy. This is the story of his early life in Texas. It was the Texas of the real cow-puncher, before wealthy people went to spend a holiday on a dude ranch. A Texas very different from the one I know, with its great University holding 10,000 students, with massive buildings on the very site where twenty years earlier the wild buffalo ran, its great roads through the oil lands, its forty-storey hotels, its smart Dallas, hard Forth Worth, where a queue paid 5 dollars to hear a clergyman preach because he had been tried for arson and murder, where the Holy Rollers are in strength, and fire brigades are locked up so that wretched negroes can be roasted in the town jail, where Browning's manuscripts are housed in a noble hall with ten stained-glass windows.

No. This is not the Texas of Frank Harris. His is the real Texas of the film tradition. I can see any healthy boy gulping down this book.

Nothing in Harris's short stories is more exciting than the history of Charlie's feud with the Mexican whom he shot in the saddle, though he has risen from a sick bed after a murderous knife attack. And I do not think Frank Harris is romancing this time. The book has the true ring of adventure, and is one of the most vivid descriptions of Texan life I have encountered.

Here is Mr. J. B. Priestley with his second grand mass attack on the faithful reader. *Angel Pavement* (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is six-hundred pages long. I have read it through and am proud of my industry. Three times I put it down, feeling I could not go on, and then each time I had to take it up again. Why? I really cannot make up my mind about Mr. Priestley's method. His mind appears to have no self-discipline. Mr. Golspie, dramatic, sinister, arrives from the Baltic. He appears in the decaying office of Twigg and Dersingham. He galvanizes it into life, and then goes as abruptly as he came, having duped the real owner. That is all the story. For the rest we follow intimately the life of the clerk the typist, the office boy, the under clerk, each landlady of the clerks, what the tobacconist said what everybody encountered throughout the day has said. When Turgis, the poor clerk, spends Saturday at the cinema and in a Lyons' tea shop, it is all recited, even to the conversation at the next table.

All the characters are depressing. Poor weak Mr. Smeeth, who all his life foresees tragedy; ill-fed, ill-clothed, nasty-minded young Turgis, dominated by sex; Miss Matfield boxed up in a woman's hostel; Lena the vamp—they are all vulgar, denizens of poor districts, inhabitants of that London which, escaping downright poverty, is more miserable and mean-spirited. And yet, three times I took up the book because I wanted to know what happened to poor Smeeth and obnoxious Turgis, to that scoundrel Golspie, and that weak wearer of a public-school tie, the correct, flabby Dersingham, the old Worralian. If to command your reader so is triumph, Mr. Priestley has triumphed. He has held my attention through six hundred pages in a group of persons whom I thoroughly dislike, whose shabby mean lives constitute one long saga of depression.

Mr. Priestley is an amazingly faithful observer. If this sort of life has to be observed there is no one living who could do it with his thoroughness. And he has infinite patience and kindliness, and truth. He will not give events or characters a single twist to make their fate more kindly, to punish or reward them. There is in his documentation nothing of Zola's fierce laboratory spirit. He reminds me of a kindly general practitioner listening, without much hope of reform, to the illnesses of humanity. To people living in the West End this book may come as a revelation of life, and it will have all the charm of novelty. Alas, I know too well these deserts of despair, land of the weekly instalment, the aspidistra, and the trousers creased under the mattress.

So, perhaps, I am not the reader Mr. Priestley intended. To others, his book may have surprising novelty. To all, his power to hold one by the buttonhole while he rambles on is as undiminished as in *The Good Companions*. The book is dedicated to C. S. Evans, the able head of the house of Heinemann. It was a nice thought of Mr. Priestley to associate with his new work one of the agents of his first success.

BOOKS FOR THE BEACH: Here is a book-bag for the beach. If you want quantity take *Ethel M. Dell Pullman* (Benn), six novels for 7s. 9d., or *Famous Novels of To-day* (Gollancz), which gives you *The Red Wagon, Dewer Rides, St. Christopher's Day,* and *Frolic Wind,* all in one binding, for 7s. 6d. Quality and quantity are also massed in 66 stories and 992 pages at 8s. 6d. in *Great Short Stories of the War* (Eyre and Spottiswoode). If I hadn't read them I should pack *The Edwardians*, by V. Sackville West, *Other Man's Saucer*, by Keith Winter, *Mitsou*, by Colette, and that joyous autobiography, *The Life of Michael Kelly*, by S. M. Ellis. A good historical tale is *A Wonder for Wise Men*, by Wallace Nichols. That's six weeks' hard reading if the sun shines, and three weeks if it doesn't. Since half the books you take will be borrowed, the dull weight of read books will be gratefully lessened

"THE LOVE RACE" in "TRAFFIC"

"The Sphere's" weekly drama page deals this week with the productions at the Gaiety and the Lyceum

SINISTER AND QUESTIONABLE DEAFNESS: Mr. Henry Carlisle and Miss Mary Glynne in a tense scene from *Traffic* at the Lyceum. *On left* — WHITE SLAVERY: Miss Nesta Elizabeth, Mr. Ashton Pearse, and Miss Mary Glynne

HERO OR VILLAIN? Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry dopes and gags Miss Nesta Elizabeth, who is in grave danger during the course of the white-slave-gang-murder-dope-unknown-chief thriller, *Traffic*, at the Lyceum

MUSICAL COMEDY'S HEAVENLY TWINS: Messrs. Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff in *The Love Race* at the Gaiety, the antiquity of some "wheezes" in which are excused only by their effectiveness and popularity

The three pictures of The Love Race *were taken by the new "Sphere" process which enables an accurate and successful photographic record of a play to be made from the front of the house, using only the ordinary lighting of the stage. The other three pictures show scenes from* Traffic, *the thrilling thriller at the Lyceum*

THE LOVE RACE: A scene at the motor-races from which the play takes its title. *Inset above* are Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Madge Elliott, the popular dancing stars

The CENTENARY of the EMPEROR FRANZ-JOSEF

Republican Austria Celebrates Nationally the Centennial of the Old Kaiser's Birth, August 18, 1830

On Left: ON HIS ACCESSION: Eybl's portrait of Franz Josef, who at the age of 18 ascended the throne of the Empire on the abdication of his uncle, Ferdinard I. For two years short of three-score and ten he sat in the Habsburg saddle mounted on a twi-formed and rapidly disintegrating beast

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF AUTOCRACY: Franz Josef, by T. von Dreger, a portrait painted at the Summer Palace of Schönbrünn

In the background of the picture given below scores of officers and guests are drinking and taking refreshments at improvised buffets set in the grounds of the Austrian Imperial Palace

FRANZ JOSEF AND BISMARCK: F. L'Allemand's painting of the centenary of the Order of Maria Theresa, 1858

THE YOUTH OF PROMISE: Archduke Franz Josef at the age of six. Born to rule, to stifle his every natural emotion, to suffer sorrows beyond the common, to commit crimes above the ordinary, the old Kaiser was incarnate royalty of the old regime

NEARING THE END: The arrival of the aged Kaiser at the opening of a hospital near Vienna. On his death the great Emperor, following the tradition of his House, was robed in monkish habit and buried with his ancestors as "poor brother Francis." His heart, heavy with cares, rests in a casket in the Church of the Capuchins, Vienna

The BOHEMIA of PARIS.

The days of Trilby are overpast; Montmartre and Montparnasse are largely now the haunt of tourists and the night life

ONE OVER THE EIGHT? *No—merely a weary man without the price—or the desire—to seek a more comfortable resting place*

AT THE CAFE DOM, MONTPARNASSE: An intellectual head poised above an empty glass. A cup of coffee or a Bock can often buy a night's "rest" in Paris

THE UNOFFICIAL ESTATE AGENT: Notices advertising studios for sale or to let are hung up in the Café Dom, Montparnasse

THE ARTIST LINGUIST: A well-known figure in Montparnasse. Spanish, French, English, and German, all flow with equal facility from his lips

Montparnasse, the Artists' Quarter of Paris, has developed into a great night-life centre. Large restaurants, dance-halls, and eccentric bars, have suddenly sprung up. Huge sums of money have been made through shrewd speculation, and a waiter and a maid are among the millionaires who have to thank the Montparnasse night-life for their sudden wealth. From early afternoon until the early morning hours the cafes are packed, but there are comparatively few French. The frequenters of the cafes in Montparnasse are mostly Americans, English, or Scandinavian. Russians and Hungarians are also well represented, the former mostly as waiters.

THE CAFE GALLERY: One feature of the Café Rotonde is the fact that young patrons hang their work on its walls and sit, sipping their Sirop or Bock, waiting for possible purchasers. Above in the centre—*THE LARGEST AND MOST CROWDED CAFE IN MONTPARNASSE: The interior of La Coupole, which is so crammed that, despite its commodious size, tables are at a premium unless one is (comparatively) wealthy or generous, extremely fortunate, prudent, or an habitué*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

PARIS CALLING

A Cocktail Causerie by H. PEARL ADAM

"WEEK-MIDDLING." Paris is calling from various beaches at the moment, not to mention spas and other places where they bant, and spring-clean the human house. But I have never seen a summer when the modern habit of slipping back for a few days to the metropolis has reached to such a pitch as this year. It might be called the habit of week-middling in town. It has many advantages. It gives one a nice peaceful couple of days in one's own home, away from all the bustle and crowds and noise of the seashore; one only sees the one or two intimate friends with whom one has arranged the little escapade: and one reappears wearing a dress or hat reft from a dressmaker who swears it was not to be shown till Palm Beach fashions are launched in the late autumn.

CONVENTION DEFIED.—Nevertheless, the privileges of this new fashion should not be abused. There was a very nasty scandal at the Overdraft Palace Hotel of Pommier-sur-Mer the other day. One of the prettiest young married women in the place vanished from Tuesday to Friday. So did the admittedly most attractive early-middle-aged man of the year. They went separately (so sly), but returned together on the Friday evening (so brazen), and she was wearing a hat that no spot on the globe could have produced except Paris, and some kind of Arabian Nights' ornament—a bracelet of twelve diamonds, each cut to show an hour of the day, and the works of the watch hidden in a slither of platinum, or something of that kind.

The peccant pair were cold-shouldered for quite a time; it was generally felt that they might have had the decency to keep the affair a bit darker. The manager of the hotel did his best to hush it up, for you can't run a hotel at Pommier if people are going back on you in that ill-bred kind of way. The guilty couple, after a day or two, seemed to feel the general reprobation, and the incident is now closed But we all feel that she will never again go to her own home with her own husband without at least making some kind of excuse. They are now known as the Weak Middlers.

"CAUSES STUPIDES."—We are hoping for great fun after the opening of the Assizes or the Law Courts. Maurice Rostand is our pet poet. He never writes about anything less large-minded than Glory, or one of those nebulous heroisms. Even when he accused England of killing the Prince Imperial in a particularly nasty way, like a low-down, East-Toity-Toid Street crook, he did it all in the name of that poetic glow which comes over poets unless they watch out, and makes them most frightfully ardent for something or other. Rostand (the much younger—don't mix him with Edmond, his father, the one that wrote about Chantecler), Maurice Rostand, in his play, *Trouble*, made a gentleman say "Jack Leishmann has stolen my Japanese tobacco-pouch." He is now being asked to pay 500,000 francs for the pleasure of having invented that name. It appears that there really is a Jack Leishmann, and he doesn't intend any poet to take his name in vain.

IN SOLITARY STATE: Paris in August is not the crowded city of spring—save for "le tourisme." It is a sad time for the "gold-diggers," who rely (to Mr. Beverley Nichols's disgust!) on others to pay for their refreshment

BLOSSOMS OF DARKNESS: A flower-shop in Montparnasse where purchases may be made at any hour of the night

GASTRONOMIC SILENCE.—It is a sad thought, but we are no longer to be told what the President of the Republic gives his guests for luncheon and dinner. Until recently this intimate secret of the prison-house was always confided to the Press, but they were rather unkind to it. Either they said that it was disgustingly luxurious, and guests of a Republic oughtn't to be pampered, crammed, and allowed to have orgies like that; or they said that it was shameful that a country with the pride of France, the culinary reputation of France, the historical courtesy of France, and the several other things of France, should offer to distinguished guests such a lowly, mean, uninteresting, poverty-stricken, unimaginative, skimpy, and generally beastly meal. After being patient for many years under this Scottish douche of criticism, the Élysée has finally revolted, and said it will be—well, darned, or otherwise mended, if it will tell the Press one single other time whether it is serving the potatoes boiled or fried. There's revolt for you! Who says the Bolshies aren't spreading the spirit of Liberty, Equality, and Taciturnity? And now the guests will have to decide for themselves what they are eating.

MAD ENGLAND AND ST. JOAN.—You would hardly believe it, especially if you lived in France, but the English have found a new way of seeming mad to the French! Even the French thought all available methods had been exhausted. But with a little ingenuity one can usually find something new. A friend of mine invented a totally new scandal at the Hotel Bless-yoursoul at Crichton. She spent a week-end there all by herself, and on Monday morning asked the Head Porter — the HEAD Porter—where the char-à-bancs for London started from. This double attack on the reputation of the hotel ruined the man's health for years. He was used to Love and Money, and thought it indecent to have neither. Well, the English are now proposing to put up a statue to Joan of Arc, at Rouen, and the French simply doesn't know where to look. They have said for 500 years that the English burned her there, carefully dropping out of the question the Bishop of Beauvais and a large and singularly well-equipped army of Burgundians, who did a very pretty bit of buying and selling in between fights. And now these meddlesome god-dams want to come butting in and putting up a statue (to Methuselah with Bernard Shaw!) and the first thing they'll want is a railed-off space in the Place du Marché, probably a quite big one, instead of the neat little no-count bit that's there at present. A big space of very valuable commercial ground, worth so much the square foot, and now usefully covered by corrugated-iron sheds, and spat on by costers, and used for selling cabbages and so forth. For that is how France treats the spot where her national heroine was burned.

The World of Women—(cont.)

The Position of your Dressing-table

It has long been customary to place the dressing-table before a window. Light entering through the window falls upon the face of anyone standing before the mirror, and a clear reflection, free from shadows, is a result.

There is, however, one objection to this arrangement. When the dressing-table stands against a window the back of the mirror is visible, as a rule, from outside the house, and the effect is unsightly. Even thirty years ago architects were persuading clients to place the dressing-table against a wall at right angles to the window, but as this had the effect of showing one side of the face in a good light and the other side in shadow, the idea, quite rightly, has always been unpopular.

In many respects the window is still the best place for the dressing-table, especially if the mirror is not too large; and of course much can be done to mitigate the effect from outside by means of the window curtains. If a fine artificial silk net is used for these

An excellent idea for the small flat is a dressing-table designed to fit into a corner. In this instance good light is provided by a window on one side and lamp on the other

An original dressing-table, designed by Francis Jourdain, is lighted at each side. The fine-fold cushion beneath can be used as a chair or a divan

From the point of view of reflection a shallow bow-window is an ideal position for the dressing-table. A bowl of flowers placed immediately behind helps to hide the unsightly view of the mirror - back from outside

the dressing-table will be far less noticeable.

In recent years, however, it has become possible for the dressing-table to occupy positions other than the customary one before a window, and this without any sacrifice of clear reflection. This change has come about through the great progress in electric lighting. Many dressing-tables now have concealed strip-lights down the sides of the mirror. Others have tubular silica fittings, or special shades and reflectors which throw the light exactly where it is required.

A built-in dressing-table in the corner of a room can be charming in design and very convenient in use.

Another idea which is perfectly practicable and is sometimes adopted in the new and smaller West End flats is a triangular or corner-wise dressing-table designed to stand in the angle of a wall, with a window on one side and a standard lamp or similar electric fitting on the other. This gives you an excellent reflection without taking up space in the room or obstructing the window.

If, however, a position before the window is still preferred, a built-in dressing-table again occupies less room and has practical advantages. Where there are two windows side by side, and with sufficient wall space between them, it is a good idea to have a long built-in dressing-table before both of the windows, but split by the central wall space. The wall can be lined with a full length mirror, with the dressing-table on either side. You have the advantage of a very extensive dressing-table surface, and if desired, strip-lights could also be concealed round the mirror.

B. B.

SHIPS' FURNITURE

The "right somehow different" note in furniture is not easy to strike. After all, as a very wise man said a very long time ago, there is nothing new under the sun. There are, however, new applications and utilizations.

A really bright example of the latter is provided by the use of what is known as ships' furniture.

From time to time it is possible to obtain objects which have been discarded, by order, from His Majesty's ships. Rum kegs, for instance, and water-buckets—the latter still displaying their original stout rope handles. Painted an attractive colour and lined with zinc, these "discards" make most attractive and unusual umbrella stands and waste-paper "baskets."

Above is pictured a "salt horse" cask —a cask for salt beef or pork — formerly carried on board one of H.M. ships

The old cartridge-cases are interesting, too. They date back to the time when loading a gun was a rather more complicated and lengthy business than it is now. Formerly the cartridge or bag of gunpowder was put in the gun, and that was followed by a wad, which in turn was followed by the shot. The cases we are considering were used to carry supplies of cartridges or gunpowder from the magazines to the gun, and it was the "powder monkey's" job to do it. Just such a case as is illustrated here may be seen in old prints of the Death of Nelson, and visitors to H.M.S. *Victory* during Navy Week will have seen the orlop decks with their 32-pounder guns, complete with "powder monkeys" serving the guns' crews by means of these cases, which were carried one on each shoulder. The "N" on the example illustrated here shows that it was issued as a Naval Store, and although the date is rather faint, it is still possible to see it—1793. With a view to making a practical use of such a case in modern surroundings, it has been painted a deep bright blue and, with a zinc tray at the base, it becomes an excellent stand for golf clubs and walking-sticks.

This chest or case, once used for storing gunpowder, would look well in the hall and provides good accommodation for motoring rugs and cushions

The chest illustrated "goes" with the case, for its original purpose was to act as a storing receptacle for gunpowder. It is of the same period, and could be placed in a hall, where it would certainly justify its existence by caching one's motoring rugs and cushions.

Rathing amusing, too, is the idea of utilizing a "salt horse" cask. These were originally used on board ship for storing salt beef or pork. They make strong outer containers for large palms or house shrubs. I have seen one converted into a tub seat, but it seems a pity to hack the sturdy old things about.

M. Sherriff Mott

A one-time cartridge case may become an excellent stand for golf clubs and walking - sticks

The Intelligent Kitchen

THE WORLD OF WOMEN (Cont.)

The gas-cooker with the brand new hay-box. Note the tiled wall and the supplementary shelves above the radiator

Dry stores are kept below the table in a series of eighteen aluminium drawers. A pastry-board pulls out and the flour-bin is below

What may be called intelligence in the designing of a kitchen is seen in the model houses being built by the Frankfurt Town Council.

The houses in question are small, and the allowance for the "Frankfurt kitchen" is approximately 6 ft. by 12 ft. There is a compact arrangement of all the essential fittings round the walls.

The trouble with most old kitchens lies exactly in the unintelligent planning, whereby workshop and work bear no relation to one another. The restriction alone of that space brings these obvious disadvantages within manageable limits; of much more consequence is the order in which the fitments are installed.

The store cupboards are to the right of the outside door. Here there is room for china above, with pots and pans below. Dry stores have their own quarters made of aluminium, plainly labelled, eighteen deep drawers with a spout for pouring. A capacious flour-bin is added underneath. Should there not be enough room here a series of shelves above the radiator supplements the storage possibilities, while the glass-covered shelves aloft protect all glass and smaller china things.

The larder, although small, is found in the correct position, adjoining the work-table and with means of outside ventilation.

A general view of the Frankfurt kitchen. The larder to the left of the table has outdoor ventilation. Above it are drawers for culinary apparatus. The ironing-board, refuse-drawer, and left-hand-rack, as well as the adjustable chair are in the picture

The sink is double. The draining-board is at the left, so too is the plate-rack to minimize the changing of hands. The gas-cooker is supplemented by a kind of hay-box substitute, still often found on the continent.

Criticism of the stove may perhaps be allowed, for it compels the cook to stoop to the oven.

On the other hand the escape for fumes towards the ceiling is all to the good. The hay-box is a treasure as far as economy goes, and far from being one of the early primitives it is finished with washable asbestos plates. Immediately adjoining is the dining-room.

Cleaning is also reduced to a minimum. The floor, the surrounds of the stove and the sink are tiled. Lightly polished wood and nickel fittings contribute still more to comfort, and neither food nor dishes are left uncovered.

There are, moreover, devices of inestimable kitchen worth. The joining of floor and wall is rounded. Refuse from the cooking-table can be expedited through an opening into a bin outside. The ironing-table is fixed to the wall and the chair is adjustable, so you may cook, wash up or iron while sitting at the most convenient height.

Harriet Dickson

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

CASTLES of the RHINE

Deuernburg: *This castle was called Maus, in opposition to the fronting Katz*

Stolzenfels: *Towering o'er a pleasant aspect of the Rhine*

Liebenstein and Sterrenberg: *These two castles are called "the Hostile Brothers," after their owners, who, though springing from one family, were bitter foes*

Of all the great trade routes of the world, no other can boast so many ancient castles—and such a wealth of legend and song—as the Rhine. From the river's upper course in Switzerland down to the Netherlands, one imposing stronghold after another rears itself on almost every jutting crag overlooking the storied stream. Many of them are but ruins, destroyed during the Thirty Years War or at the end of the seventeenth century, but even the ruins are imposing witnesses of days when life was continuous warfare. Few have a history of less than 700 years; many are 1,000 years and more old.

Long before Switzerland separated from the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, the Habsburgers, Werdenbergers and, and Toggenburgers built their castles along the Rhine, and all the way northward one finds once mighty strongholds—at Schaffhausen, through Alsace and the Vosges, among them the Kaiserberg, erected by Frederick Barbarossa. The crown of all these castles on the Upper Rhine is the Hohkönigsburg, built by the Hohenstaufens, enlarged by the Habsburgs, and rebuilt by the Hohenzollerns. From it one has a view from Mannheim to the Bernese Highlands. Near Kinzheim are the Ortenburg and Ramstein; once beseiged by Rudolf of Habsburg and later by Charles the Bold. Then come Bernstein, Landsberg, Spesburg, Bickenbach, and Tannenburg, the last-named destroyed as long ago as 1399. The Auerbach Castle, one of the most southerly possessions of the powerful Katzenelnbogen family, whose domination extended as far as Coblenz, and the Starkenberg and Winbeck complete the long list of castles on the Upper Rhine.

But the best known and most imposing of these seats of powerful noble families and of the so-called Robber Barons are those from Mayence northward. In Ingelheim stand the ruins of the Pfalz, which was built by Charlemagne. The Niederburg in Rüdesheim was already of venerable age when it was enlarged and fortified at the end of the twelfth century. It has been kept in repair since 1811 by the Counts of Ingelheim. In the Klopp Castle at Bingen Kaiser Henry IV was made prisoner by his son, Henry V, on Christmas Day, 1105. The building was destroyed in 1695 by the French, who also a few years later destroyed Ehrenfels, one of the most beautiful castles on the whole Rhine. Here there was once one of the main Customs barriers, formed by the Ehrenfels together with another castle directly on the bank of the stream and connected with the famous "Mouse Tower" of Bishop Hatto by a chain.

From here castle follows castle as one goes down the Rhine. The Rheinstein at the left, still occupied, houses many treasures of medieval art. Then comes the Sooneck, near Trechtlingen, built in 1015 and destroyed by Rudolf of Habsburg. Farther along stands the Fürstenburg at the left, and opposite it is the Nollich. Of the former, also destroyed in 1695, only ruins of the once mighty walls and towers remain. The same fate overtook the Stahleck, above the famous wine city, Bacharach.

Northward from Bacharach, at Caub, is the moated Pfalzgrafenstein which, together with the Gutenfels Castle, long constituted an impregnable fortress and Customs barrier.

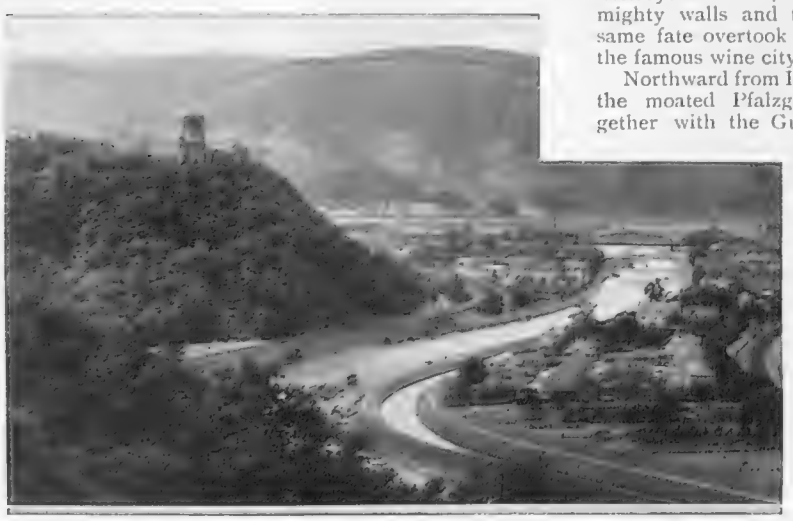
A bit of English history is connected with the mighty castle ruins of Schönberg, not far below Caub, for here was the ancestral seat of that Marshal Schönberg, or Schomburg, who won and defended the English throne for William of Orange. Past the jutting headland known all over the world through Heine's poem, "The Lorelei," the river bears one to St. Goar and St. Goarshausen, with the ruins of the renowned Rheinfels at the right and the Castle Katz at the left, the latter also destroyed at the end of the seventeenth century, but put into habitable coudition and still occupied.

The real name of the Katz, built in 1393, is Neu-Katzenelnbogen, from the builder, a member of the noble family referred to above. Katz is the abbreviated form of Katze, meaning cat, and the inhabitants therefore christened the Deuernburg, across the river, Maus (Mouse). Archbishop Boemund of Trêves erected the Deuernburg about 1350.

The people of that ancient day also gave the name of "the Hostile Brothers" to the twin castles Liebenstein and Sterrenberg, near Bornhofen. All this district was then under the sway of the Archbishops of Trêves, or Trier, as it is called in Germany. The two castle ruins here are among the most romantic and attractive of all.

The Nollich: *This ruined castle stands opposite the Fürstenburg*

Schönburg: *A notable ruinea pile in the vicinity of Oberwesel*



Lahneck: *This notable castle, cast of the Rhine proper, has been restored*

Ehren Breitstein: *The castle that frowns abave the city of Coblenz*

PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

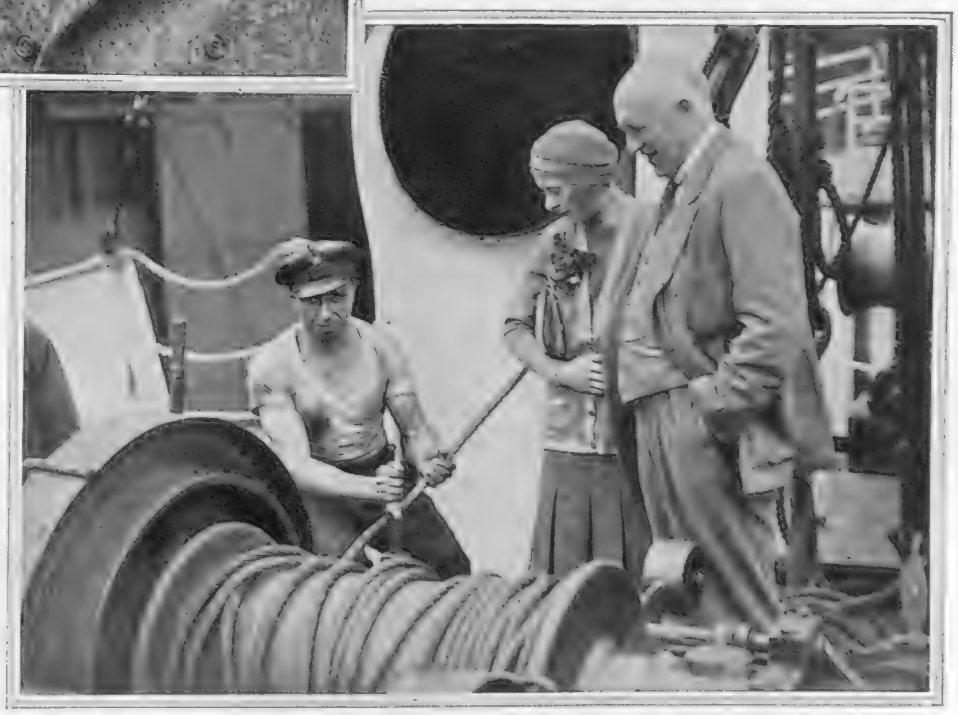
A Sestette of the Notabilities of the Current Week

THE CONQUEROR OF OCEANS: Major Kingsford-Smith, who has flown both the Pacific and the Atlantic, went with appendicitis into Middleburg Hospital, Holland, whence he is seen emerging with a bouquet presented to him by a Dutch girl in the national dress

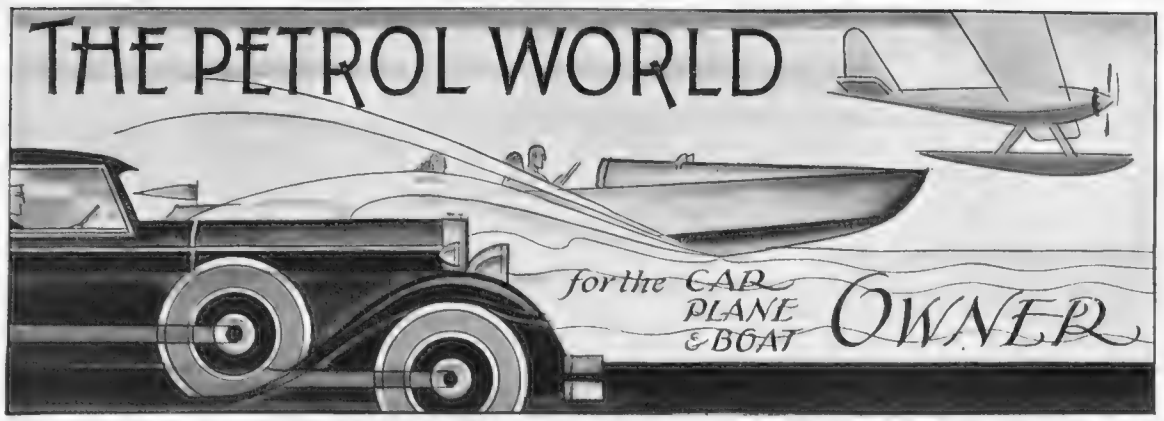
A CHAT ATHWART THE WICKETS: Lord Strathmore, upon whose home the eyes of the world are focused, and Lady Carnegie (Princess Maud) at Strathmore Cricket Park, Forfar, when Lord Carnegie's XI met Strathmore XI

"JOHNNIE'S" NEW "BUS": Miss Amy Johnson accepts a new Gypsy Moth 'plane similar in type to *Jason*, at the hands of Sir Sefton Brancker from the readers of the *Daily Sketch* and *Sunday Graphic*. *On left:* Sir Hugh Allen, the noted musician, who was a passenger on the ill-fated *Tahiti*, which foundered in the Pacific

THE WEDDING OF LORD YPRES' A.D.C.: Captain "Dick" Wyndham with his bride, Miss Margarethe Wuldsberg, of Chelsea, leave for their honeymoon in a motor-car after their marriage at Kensington Register Office. Captain Wyndham was A.D.C. to the late Earl of Ypres when he was Viceroy of Ireland



A DEAN ON HOLIDAY: Dr. Albert Baillie, the Dean of Windsor, is breaking fresh ground for his vacation, for he left for a three-weeks' cruise round the Spanish coast on a MacAndrews line cargo-boat the other day. The Dean is seen above with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alistair Baillie, watching the stevedores loading the ship. It is doubtful whether a clerical dignitary has ever taken such an unusual holiday before!



The Petrol World on LAND conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

GNAT-BITES.—I suppose that if we did not have small, irritating troubles with our cars every now and again motoring would become a very monotonous occupation. Whether I am peculiar or not I naturally cannot say, but these minor defects worry me far more than if I had to have a new back axle or a new steering gear.

My particular trouble at the moment is a horn-switch which will rattle. To those who have not tried, a remedy for such a trivial defect would seem easy to obtain, but I can assure those who do not know the particular car that I drive that this irritating rattle refuses to go away. To put on a new switch is not the simple job that one would expect, because the whole inside of the steering-column must be withdrawn, complete with tubes, etc., but nevertheless this has been done on three occasions, and after three or four days the new switch rattles as energetically as the one it replaced. Another trick that these switches appear to possess is to fall off at an unexpected moment, and then they cannot be attached again by the owner.

I naturally thought, as I am afraid my readers will too, that this horn-switch must be a thoroughly rotten affair, and whilst the managing director of the company that makes the car was rather inclined to agree with me that the fitting was not all that could be desired, he added that all kinds had been experimented with and the one adopted gave the least trouble under test. All I can say is that the other rejected switches must have been too dreadful for words.

In desperation I have had the switch covered in insulation tape, with the result that I can scarcely operate it, but I have asked the makers to remove the entire fitting, plug up the hole which I presume will then present itself in the middle of the steering-column, and fit an ordinary push-button switch on the side of the body.

In addition to the worry which this has caused me, I am further left guessing as to why accessory manufacturers can evidently make quite a satisfactory steering-column horn-switch for a Triumph Seven or a Morris Minor, but apparently completely fail when the car costs over £700. I have asked friends and I have asked manufacturers to give me an answer to this riddle, but so far one has not been forthcoming.

BEWARE.—It is now some months since I referred to that much-debated highway—the Kingston By-pass. Many of my motoring acquaintances have refused to use it from the very beginning because they considered it too dangerous, and now I find myself copying their example, not on account of the danger, but because at the moment all the road-breakers, road-menders, steam-rollers, and tar-spraying machinery that ever existed in England seem to be concentrated on this new road. It takes hours to drive from Robin Hood Gate to Thames Ditton because practically every quarter-of-a-mile half the road is up and a single line of traffic alone can percolate. The greater part of the activity appears to be due to the collapse of the road-crust. On the other hand, many of the stretches being treated are apparently selected sites for experimental work in surfaces. I would therefore advise everyone using the Portsmouth road to avoid this by-pass as they would the plague, and take the alternative route via Kingston.

On more than one occasion I have referred to the colossal building campaigns which are going on on each side of this arterial road, especially in the vicinity of Tolworth. In addition to the danger which the erection of houses on each side must inevitably create, there is now the added one of new cross-roads being cut, so that before very long the Kingston by-pass will be little more than a high street through a busy town. As the "powers that be" have been foolish enough to permit this abuse of a by-pass, and have not been clever enough to produce a really sound engineering job of the actual road, they will be very well advised to abandon the whole idea of looking on this road as a by-pass and start afresh with another arterial highway between Putney Vale and Esher.

PRIZE ROAD-HOGS.—Lately I have been doing a considerable amount of driving during week-ends, and from my observations I am inclined to believe that the standard of driving is slightly improving. During the last month I have only come across two outstanding examples of really "road-hoggishness," and in each case a 50-m.p.h. motor-coach has been in the centre of the picture. In one instance the driver of one of these colossal affairs deliberately took my portion of the road, and made me pull up so that he might get by, and in order to show that he thoroughly appreciated what he was doing, he unmistakably made rude signs to me as he passed. Had I not been in a hurry I should have turned round, chased, and reported him to his employers and to the police.

The other occasion was when a similar type of vehicle pulled out from a long queue which was proceeding round a dangerous bend and simply careered round on its wrong side, thus blocking the entire roadway, though fortunately nothing came in the opposite direction. I can see that unless the police exercise their powers and enforce the speed-limit which the new Road Traffic Act gives them where motor-coaches and other large vehicles are concerned, we shall have a lot of very serious trouble.

The Papal Carriage, 1930: His Holiness the Pope inspecting the Straight-Eight 32/90-h.p. Mercédès-Benz which has been specially constructed for his own personal use

THE PETROL WORLD AFLOAT.—I cannot remember any other year when so many people I know are spending holidays on the water rather than on land. This is a development which is going to increase rather than diminish. First of all, because the road must, of necessity, become more and more crowded, and to those who have experienced the joys of motoring on more or less deserted roads the attractions of land and air become greater and greater. Builders of motor-craft on the water have not been slow to appreciate the position, and foremost amongst those is the well-known firm of John Thornycroft and Co., Ltd.

They have had the foresight to standardize design, with the result that anyone can go to their works and buy a cruiser, as it were, over the counter. There is no waiting while designs are got out and for the building to be completed, as was the case not many years ago. Another advantage arising from this innovation is a great reduction in the price which is effected by laying down a considerable number of a type. I have not yet had the pleasure of tasting the joys of a holiday afloat, but I do know, provided one's companions have been carefully chosen, that a holiday of this description can be extraordinarily cheap, immensely beneficial to one's health, and thoroughly pleasant.

WELCOME, A.J.S.

The firm of A. J. Stevens and Co., Ltd., is well known in the motor-cycling world. They have been manufacturers of two-wheelers for many years, and so have considerable experience of internal-combustion engines. The announcement that they have recently introduced a small 9-h.p. car, to be known as the A.J.S., is therefore interesting, and it is bound to become immediately popular with that large army of motor-cyclists who annually graduate into the car-owning class.

It might be argued by some people that the knowledge gained in the motor-cycling world is valueless where car design is concerned, but however that may work out in theory, we cannot forget that during the past few years we have had a very strong example of the reverse, the Triumph Motor Company being the firm in question.

The new A.J.S. is certainly built to a very neat and businesslike design. The engine has four cylinders and in size it comes within the 1,100-c.c. class, the tax being £9. Coil-ignition is employed and the valves are side-by-side; the crankshaft boasts of three main bearings, which should certainly prevent any trace of vibration being apparent from crank-shaft whip. The three-speed gear-box and the single-plate clutch are all incorporated with the engine in one unit.

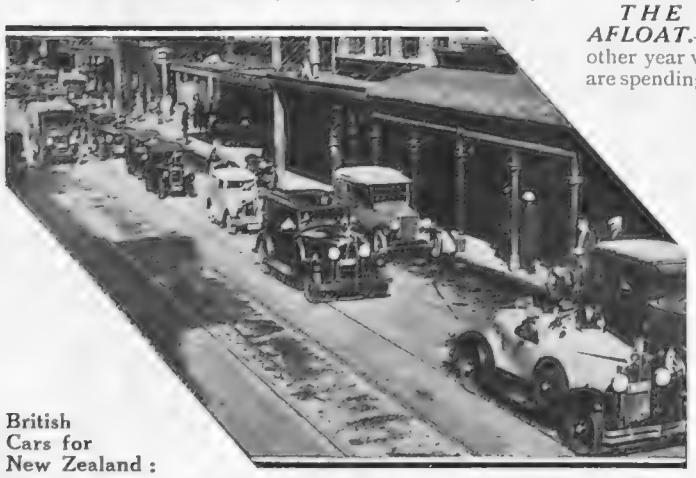
From the back of the gear-box the drive is taken by means of an open propeller-shaft to a spiral bevel-driven back axle. The springs are semi-elliptical fore and aft, and wire detachable wheels are fitted. The whole job looks so accessible and so robust that it is obvious that the designer was careful and clever in his work. As a saloon the car sells at £230, and, into the bargain, it is a pleasing-looking vehicle. I have not yet tried it on the road, but if it goes as well as it looks the makers will be busy making supply meet the demand.

RUNNING IN.—When they take delivery of a new car intelligent motorists invariably drive it carefully for a few hundred miles, because, annoying though the practice may be, they know it is well worth while. Perhaps the most irritating part of the process, however, is that on certain occasions it must necessarily cause a slight "obstruction" to other motorists. We all know the black looks of the "other man" as he eventually passes us after frantic use of the electric horn. The obstruction is to some extent inevitable, but the annoyance can be alleviated.

The Singer Company, at any rate, has found a solution to the "loitering" problem. On the rear light of every new car which leaves the factory the following notice is pasted: "New Singer car being carefully run in. Please pass me" The reason for the low speed is at once obvious to the man behind, and abuse of the horn, ill-temper, etc., are obviated. Another advantage is that, even after the car is run in, new and nervous drivers can leave the notice in position until such time as they gain complete confidence.

(Continued on following page)

A Hillman for a Hill Prince: H.H. Rajah Abdul Aziz, the Rajah Muda of Perak, a mountainous province in the Malay States, leaving Buckingham Palace in his Hillman Straight-Eight after an audience with the King

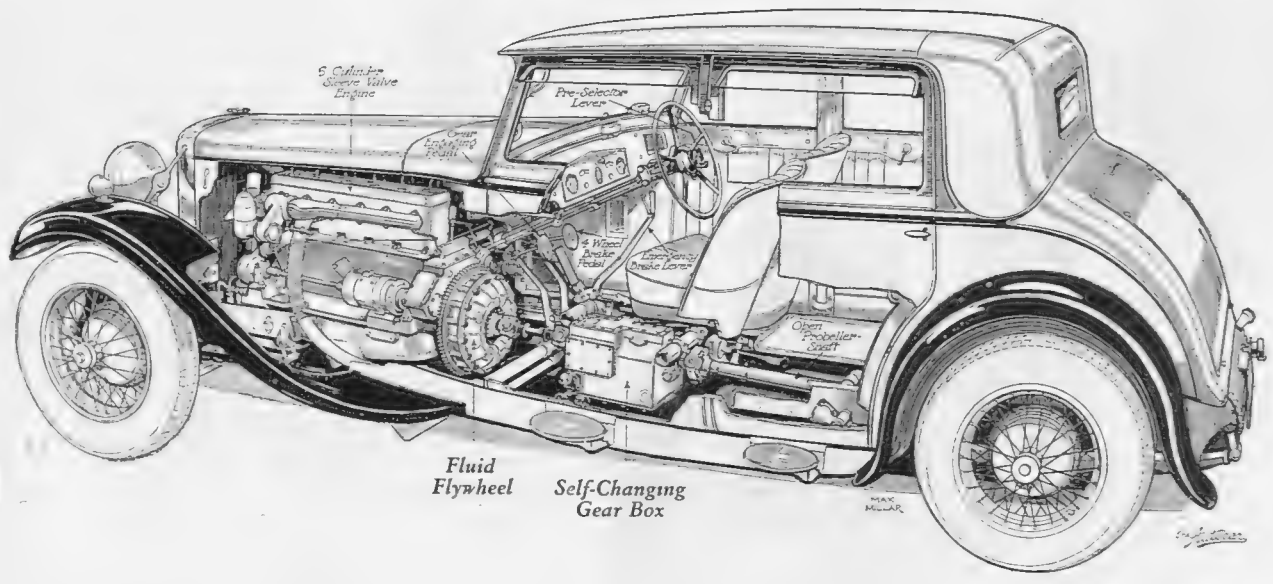


British Cars for New Zealand: A procession of British cars led by a Vauxhall Hurlingham Sports Roadster passing through the streets of Wellington before departing on an organized ten-days' tour

SAFER MOTORING

THE DAIMLER TRANSMISSION SYSTEM

As fitted to the
NEW Daimler 20/30



"This transmission is not only shockless but apparently unshockable. With it the skilful driver can show the proudest mastery of the car . . . . . and so can the veriest tyro. Gear changing is rendered no longer a matter of skill, but merely one of expedience, like switching over from one station to another on a wireless set to pick up a palatable programme. The car can be started from rest to any one of the four ratios and without the least shock. It seems beyond the power of the driver to do any harm to the transmission by careless handling. Driving in traffic with this transmission is the easiest thing in the world."—*The Autocar.*

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SKIDDY ROADS.—Our British roads, like our girls and our police constables, always seem to be commended by visitors to this country. It has become such a tradition that it was almost a jarring note that was sounded by an American visitor who last week had something to say against the British road.

"It is curious," he said, "that when this country was the first to use tar for roads, and produces millions of tons of it in a year, and when it makes an ideal non-skid road, you should go to the trouble of importing foreign materials to make these glass-smooth roads."

"Johnnie" on Land: Miss Amy Johnson in the Crossley car in which she toured the streets of her native Hull on her arrival home

His comments were heartfelt, for he had brought his car with him and had been involved in two skids, fortunately resulting in only crumpled wings, within the first three days!

R.R.—Rolls-Royce, Ltd., will always be associated with the crossing of the Atlantic by air, because it was with two Eagle engines of this make that Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten-Brown made the first crossing from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1919; incidentally their time of sixteen hours still stands as a record, and is likely to stand for some time.

The Condor IIIB, of which five are fitted in the airship *R 100*, is a heavy duty engine. It is fitted as standard in several Service aircraft, notably the Hawker Horsley torpedo-carrying 'plane and the Blackburn Iris triple-engined flying boat. Several of the former (i.e. Horsleys) are also in use by the Greek air force.

It is a 12-cylinder, V-type, water-cooled engine with a bore stroke of $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. and a compression ratio of $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. It develops 665 b.p.h. at its normal revs. of 1,900 per minute, the propeller being geared down to rotate at 907 r.p.m.

Each cylinder-head, which is spherical in shape, carries two inlet and two exhaust valves, and the operation from the overhead camshaft incorporates cylindrical tappets running in vertical guides so as to obviate imposing any lateral load on the rocker arms. A feature of the Condor IIIB is its exceptionally low fuel consumption. Although its flight to Canada took far longer than was anticipated—owing to adverse head-winds, storms, and the damaged fin, *R 100* was in the air seventy-nine hours in covering 3,415 miles—a large quantity of petrol was still in reserve at the finish. The actual crossing of the Atlantic took 46 hours, which is a new airship record.

A FALLACY EXPLODED.—There is a prevalent feeling amongst motorist that the average small or medium-sized British car is unsuitable for gruelling work abroad. Continental cars, it is thought, are built to withstand the appalling Continental roads, and to expect any but a large and expensive British car to give trouble-free service on them is asking too much. The fallacy of this idea was demonstrated recently by the owner of a Rover Light-Six, who completed a 5,000-kilometres tour over some of the worst roads in France—and through some of its most beautiful scenery—without trouble of any description. Before starting off he took his car to the manufacturers' service depôt in London and asked them to tune it up for a gruelling run. This they did, supplying him also with a spare coil, a set of electric bulbs, and other oddments, none of which was required. "At about 5,000 ft. up in the Alps," he writes, "we had a real thrill, getting caught in a cloudburst on a partly-made road of loose flints. A car in front of us got into terrible trouble, but the Rover brought us through"—a sufficiently high tribute to a distinguished firm.

This driver's testimony should do much to reassure motorists who are nervous of undertaking a Continental tour. It should be remembered, too, that August and September are the best months for this purpose, particularly if it is desired to include the wonderful scenery of the Alps. Owing to the heavy winter snowfalls many Alpine passes are not opened until the end of July, and even then the surface is not at its best until it has recovered from the effects of the melting snow. The difficulties associated with Continental touring are very much overrated. All Customs troubles, for instance, can be overcome by the use of papers supplied by either of the leading motoring organizations, and once abroad, the motorist will find that low living expenses more than counterbalance the cost of the Channel crossing. With a modern car, too, it is extremely unlikely that any mechanical trouble will be experienced, but if it does occur it will be found that almost any fault can be repaired efficiently. The French mechanic, with his béret and his perpetual cigarette, may appear to be an inconsequential person, but he is a first-class workman, and once he understands the trouble, will labour hours into the night to rectify it.

THE PETROL WORLD

by

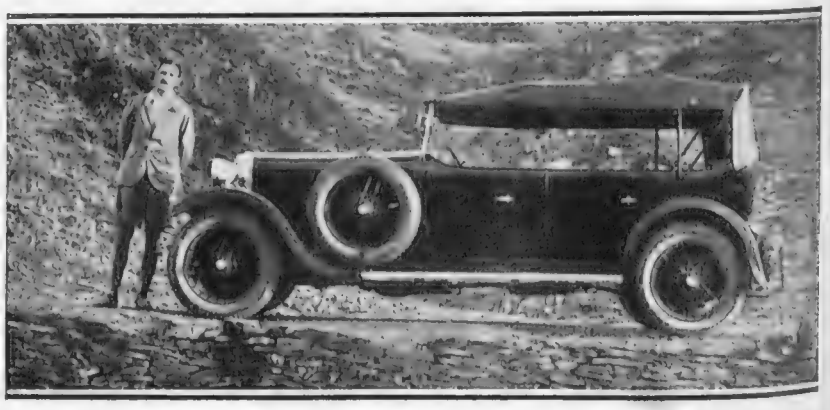
A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from preceding page)

FITTING AND NOT FORGETTING.—Captain Barnard, after his amazing flight to Malta and back in two days in a Puss-Moth, wrote to the makers of K.L.G. plugs and said:

> "I used your plugs on my flight to Malta and back in two days and, as usual, they behaved perfectly and needed no attention whatever."

This is still further evidence of the suitability of K.L.G. plugs for both speed and reliability. That K.L.G's were also used by Colonel the Master of Sempill in his Puss-Moth seaplane in his recent race against a speed-boat is yet another indication, not only of K.L.G. reliability, but of their supreme efficiency in Gipsy engines.



The Acid Test: A Sunbeam tourer belonging to Captain C. D. Pybus on the North-West Frontier of India. Captain Pybus states that, despite the heat and poor roads, his Sunbeam can be driven at a high touring speed for hours on end

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See also the 20.9 model.

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The PETROL WORLD in the AIR

Aeronautical Notes of the Week

By C. G. GREY

(*Editor of* The Aeroplane)

Most people think of flying in terms of sporting light aeroplanes which rich young men and women fly for the fun of flying—barring a few who induce rich old men or women to buy or hire machines for them to fly to odd places a long way away, so that they can claim to be the first to fly there. Or else people think of flying as an affair of "giant air-liners," as our more imaginative writers are so fond of calling them, in which ten or twenty people are acutely uncomfortable and air-sick for a few hours at a stretch if they are lucky, and in which they crash dramatically, with or without flames, if they are unlucky. But few people think of aeroplanes as freight-carriers of the heavier sort, competing advantageously with motor-lorries. And yet such things happen daily.

For the past eight or nine years certain British (or Australian) firms have been working a rich gold-field in New Guinea—in the part which used to be a German Colony and is now Australian mandated territory. The gold-field is up at a place called The Wau (pronounced the "Wow," as if it were something funny in America), 4,000 feet above sea-level, about fifty miles from the coast, and a range of mountains 9,000 feet high has to be crossed to get there. Native porters take eight days to get there by bush tracks. And aeroplanes habitually do the journey in forty minutes.

Moreover, porters have to carry their own food for eight days up loaded and four days down light, so that each porter only delivers actually about 20 lb. of goods per head. And the cost and difficulty of getting heavy mining machinery up to Wau may be imagined—especially as the country is unhealthy for the porters, who die easily and want high pay accordingly.

Consequently about five or six years ago some bright young adventurers from Australia started running an air-line to the Wau with old war-time aeroplanes. Later on De Havilland Moths were imported and did very well, carrying up supplies amounting to as much as 200 lb. per load—which meant that a Moth could take up as much as ten porters could carry, and do the return trip in a couple of hours where the porters would be about a fortnight about it.

Under such conditions, and working on the railway maxim that "Freight rates are just what the traffic will stand," the freight rates by air can be so high that they pay the aircraft operators handsomely and yet are cheap for the mineowners compared with the cost of manhandling.

So great was the success of the lighter aeroplanes that one firm introduced a big single-engined German machine to carry still bigger loads—and that has been equally successful on a larger scale. Then one of the mining companies bought an obsolete three-engined air-liner of English origin, which did very well till it met with an accident and destroyed itself (fortunately without hurting anybody). And one believes it had paid for itself handsomely before it was broken up.

Now the New Guinea people are organizing a still bigger air transport affair. One of the gold firms is opening up a new property in the region of the Wau, where they propose to work with dredgers instead of doing ordinary rock mining. These dredgers include single parts, such as crankshafts, weighing between two and three tons apiece. The problem is not so much to find aeroplanes which will lift the weights (that can be done easily enough) as to find room inside the machines to put such big single pieces and handle them.

A representative of one of the air-transport firms is over here looking for suitable machines. And he tells me that he is having a very interesting time studying the types of aeroplanes which are available.

Apparently sooner or later we shall have to build special machines for such work, for New Guinea is not by any means the only field for such activities. Only recently a similar problem arose in Peru, where a big mining proposition high up in the Andes wants quick transport of machinery and supplies up and refined material down. The mine takes a fortnight to reach with llama transport. And an aeroplane could glide most of the way down to the nearest seaport in less than an hour.

Before very long, when big freight-carriers are developed, we shall probably find equally good use for them all over the British Empire. There are valuable mineral areas in Rhodesia, in Australia, and even in British Guiana, to which there are no reasonable means of access at present, but which would pay well if air transport of the right sort were available.

Apart from that, many farming and cattle-breeding areas could be developed if mails and people could get in and out easily and quickly by air. Supplies inward and products outward will stand slow transport, but human communication must be speeded up if our people are to be induced to go and work there. That is one of the most promising ways of curing unemployment.

Mr. Campbell Black of Wilson Air Lines Ltd., in Kenya, is just home to fetch more aeroplanes for Mrs. Wilson's gallant effort to develop her country in just this way, and he tells me that the increase in air traffic during the past year has been quite remarkable. East Africa is beginning to awake to the value of air transport, and the results will be worth watching.

THE MOTH TURNED DRAGON-FLY: Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, son of the old "Tiger" of Manchuria, an ardent aeronaut recently purchased the British Moth machine seen above

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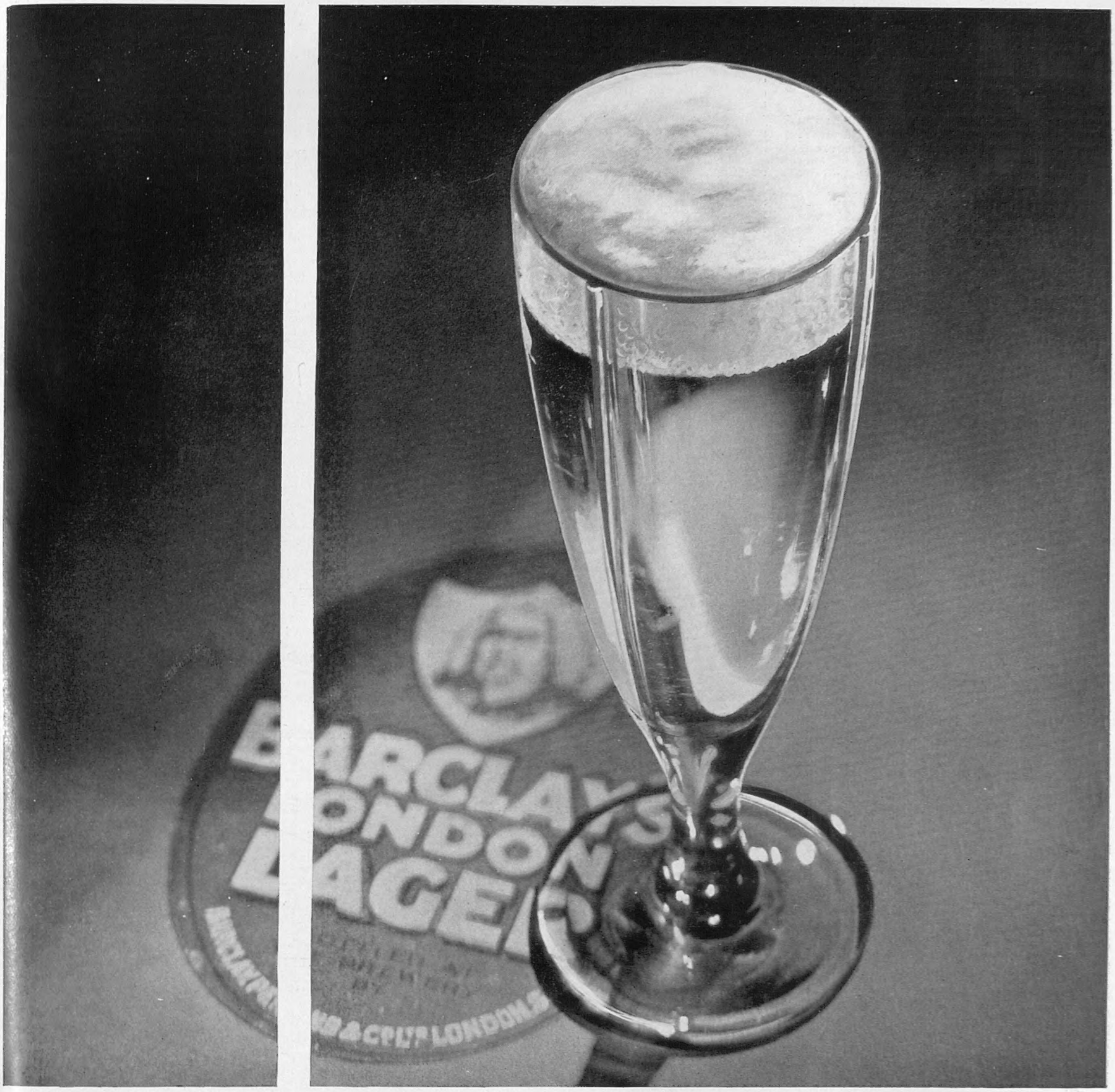

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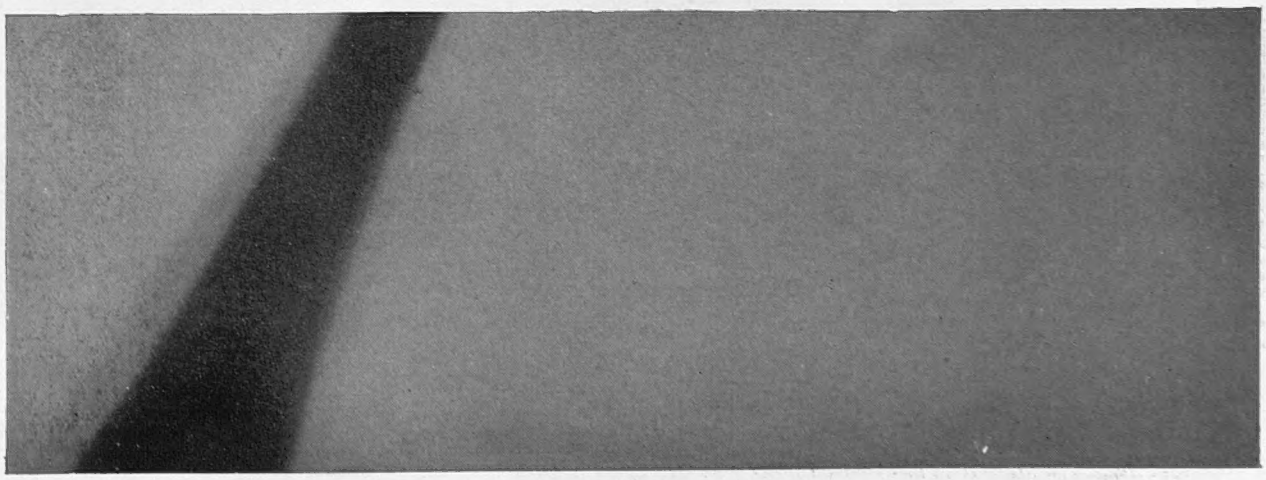
When a thirst takes you by the throat, take a Barclay's by the neck! Crisp as a hill-top breeze! Clear and cool as a mountain stream! A brilliance lit by bubbles! A tang that makes great thirsts a precious memory!



LIGHT OR DARK—THE DRINK FOR A LORDLY THIRST

HOMEWARD BOUND with "R 100"

(*Continued from p. 332*)

turned a handle. A streamlined strut about 6 in. wide and a foot deep split down the centre, revealing a series of hand-holds. Angus went down and I followed.

I got a glimpse of the sea far below, and then the wind, like the shrieking witches of Macbeth, tore at my clothes as though to drag me off. I clutched the hand-holds with a grip that has probably left permanent finger-prints in the metal. Then to my horror I stepped on the bottom rung —and it was missing.

I clung desperately and a hand reached up and put my foot on the rung of another ladder, and down I went into the engine car.

Imagine a motor-car with 1,400-h.p. 24-cylinder engines. Imagine a giant stuffing you under the hood with the machinery, and you get an idea of that engine car. The tiny space between the two huge motors was cluttered with instruments and controls, and through a foot-square window the blue exhaust was roaring unmuffled into the night.

The next day I visited one of the side engine cars. The awful climb down was worse, for as I stepped on to what I thought was the little side-ladder of the engine car I looked down and found myself standing on the top of the car itself, surrounded by an illimitable flock of fleecy clouds and a terrific number of miscellaneous waves gambolling below. I hastily drew back.

On Thursday night there was a terrific storm; at least the instruments and ship's log recorded it. The ship's officers were on duty all night, but the passengers might just as well have been sitting in Westminster Abbey for all they knew about it. The rain got in through the envelope and made it risky to turn on the current into the electric stove, so the meals thereafter were cold. There was no tea or coffee, and if anyone mentions lime-juice to me hereafter there will be a riot.

I told Angus about my climb to the observation cockpit.

"Man," he said, "the finest place on this ship is up on top. There's a hole at the stairn, and ye climb through it and sit with yer back to the tail fin. Man, it's grand."

The trouble with airship crews is that they are so habituated that climbs up and down wire ladders, trotting around girder-work, and so forth mean nothing. I prayed that night for bad weather, and got it. "Surely," I thought, "Angus won't expect me up there now."

On Saturday morning Bedford was a dream of fairyland. All the little fields of smooth brown chocolate, the sponge-cake houses, and the little ice-cream rivers blended beautifully. I was enjoying it from the control-room when Angus tapped me on the shoulder and jerked his head. I followed meekly.

Along that catwalk again, but this time to its termination in a world of girders and bracing wires. I lost several ears in the semi-darkness as unseen wires caught me unawares as I scrambled through. Then Angus took to the ladders.

I followed, my heart in my boots. As a Canadian I couldn't disappoint Angus, who thinks Canada's a fine country. Up and up he went, and then suddenly I stepped on a rung that wasn't there.

My heart skipped a dozen beats as I clung desperately, only to hear Angus's reassuring voice:

"By the way, there's a rung missing somewhere there."

"Y-y-yes," I gulp, "I've just found it."

"That's a' richt," he said cheerfully, and the climb continued.

The ladder ended in a maze of girder-work and Angus disappeared. Scrambling after him, I poked my head through a hole where sunlight streamed.

There was Angus sitting on the roof of the ship, leaning with his back to the upper tail-fin, and all Bedford spread 4,000 ft. below.

"There," he said, "did ye ever see anything as fine as that."

I crawled out beside him, finished the prayers I had been saying from the start of the expedition, and then admitted I never had.

It was magnificent. No words can express the wonderful beauty of it all. I revelled in it—then came back to consciousness with a jolt.

"Let's go for a walk," said Angus, and that casual Scot started on a stroll on top of the airship.

"Phew!" was my only comment, and I got back through the manhole without any delay. There was a rope lying along the top of the ship when I got out there. My grip on that rope had squeezed it down to string by the time I got back.

I turned for one last look over the stern of the ship when something slammed me on the back of the head.

The fibre-board trap-door had been lifted by the wind and slammed shut; I was in the line of slam.

So there it is. If a passenger sticks to his passaging, an air-liner voyage is safe, secure, enjoyable—a perfect rest cure. For myself I think the officers and crew of the *R 100* are the finest gentlemen I have met, a gallant company who have carried the British traditions of the sea into the upper air.

But if ever Angus comes to Ottowa I'm going to get Jimmy Brewster to ride him in the mountain passes of British Columbia in a motor through a storm. I want to find out if Angus *could* get a thrill out of anything!

COMMEMORATING A GREAT FLIGHT: The gold Waterman pen and pencil presented to Miss Amy Johnson, C.B.E., by the Lord Mayor of Hull at the city banquet in her honour. The engravings on the pen included the air route from Croydon to Port Darwin, and the famous "Jason" aeroplane

A BUMPER CIGARETTE

Smokers will welcome the introduction of Sunripe Extra cigarettes, a new brand made by Messrs. R. and J. Hill. Sunripe Extra are bigger than the average cigarette, and make their appeal on really sound quality instead of on free gifts. They are in fact the original size Sunripes so popular a few years back, and sell at the usual price of 10 for 6d. and 20 for 1s., packed in red cartons. Smokers will find that their slogan, "For Size and Tone they Stand Alone," is fully justified.

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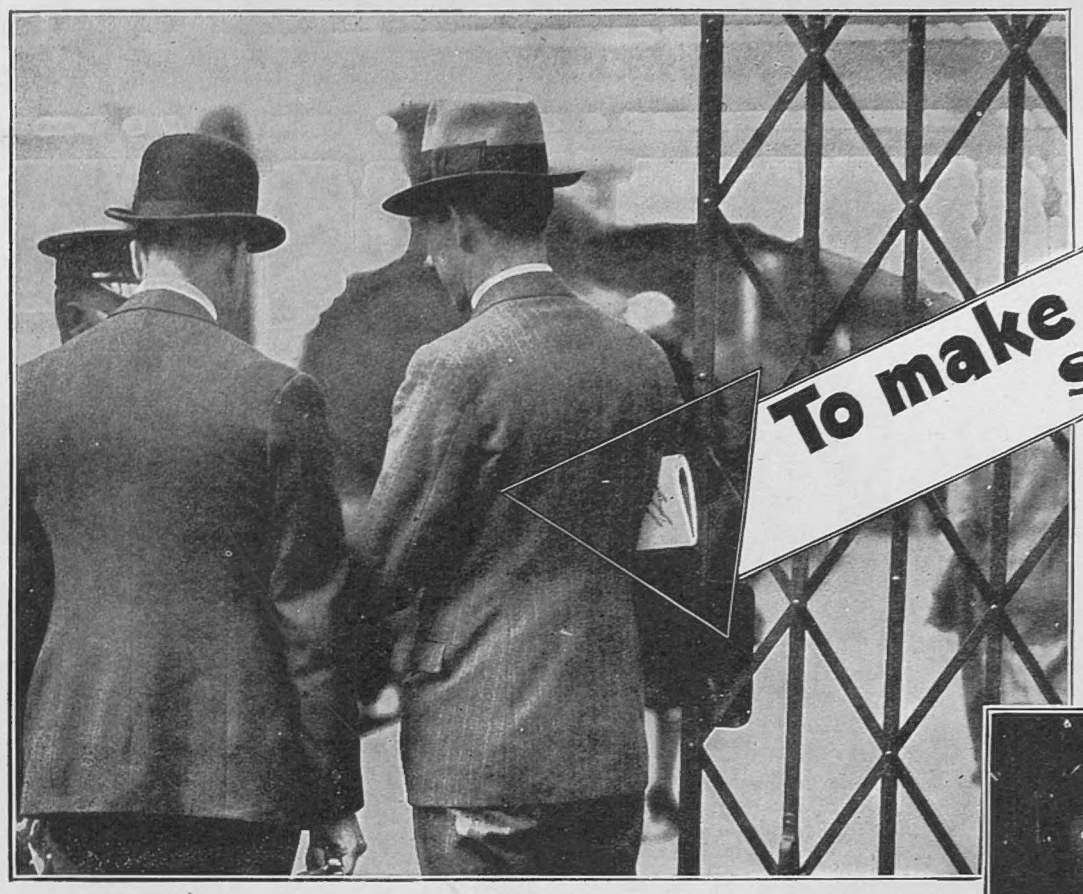

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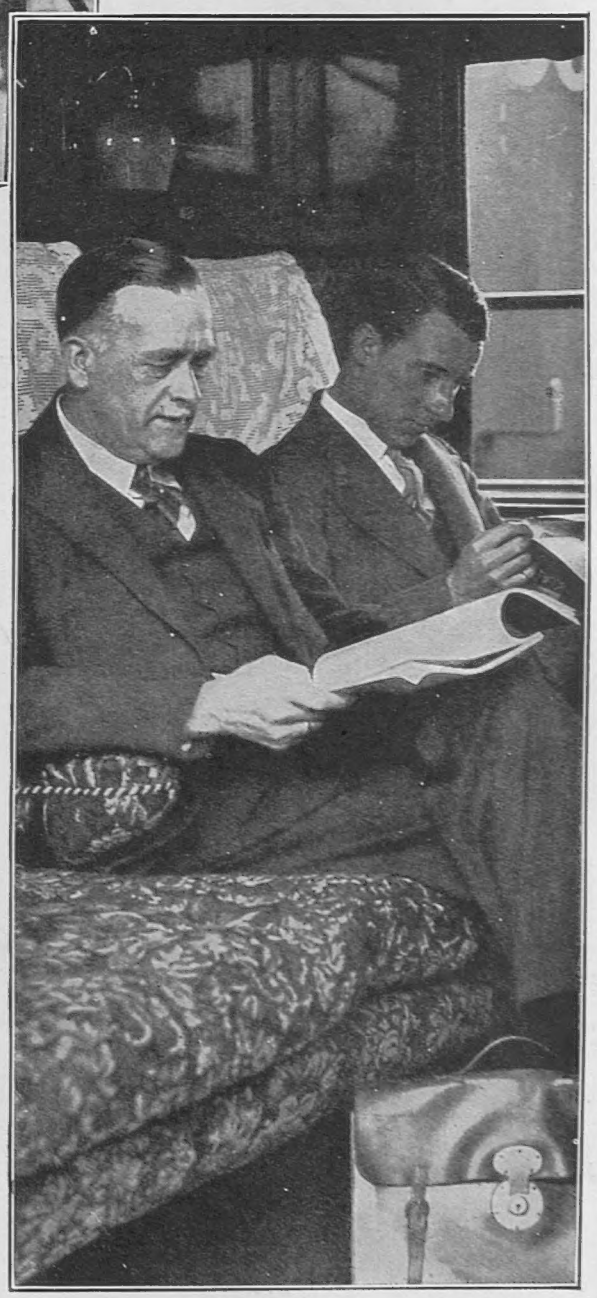

. . . . It's all very well ragging me about being "on the beach" at Takoradi. I wasn't anything near it, although I'll admit I'd not found the right job really to take off my coat to. After getting clear of the Army, I'd come out to the West Coast on a crane-erecting job connected with the new harbour, and sat down on that comfortably enough till it was through. My contract specified passage home on the next E.D. boat, but as I'd nothing in view when I got there, I gave the steamer a miss and took on a schoolmastering job up Accra way. That was a mis-fit—or I was, and I found billets subsequently in a sisal plantation, a lime-juice foundry, a shipping office, and as clerk in an ordinary general store, which was where I was doing my day's perspiration when Miss Jerningham stepped off on to the concrete of Takoradi harbour wall.

I met her one Sunday, up at my Manager's swagger bungalow on the hill above Secondi, a grey-haired little woman, none too tidy, with a trim enough figure, and a very determined mouth. She looked at me over horn spectacles, and said she'd heard of me. I suppose one could say the same thing to General Allenby or the Prince of Wales, and either of them would be amused. I wasn't. Her looks seemed to imply that she'd heard a good many tough tales about me . . . . *The rest of this rattling good story, DRAGONS, is in the August issue of—*

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